

FRONTISPIECE.



*We read their monuments; we sigh, and while
We sigh we sink, and are what we deplor'd;
Lamenting or lamented all our lot.* Night Thoughts

Pub. as the Act directs, 16 May 1793.

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PLEASING MELANCHOLY

OR A

WALK among the TOMBS

IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH YARD,

In the stile & manner of

Hervey's Meditations;

To which are added

Epitaphs, Elegies, & Inscriptions.

IN PROSE & VERSE,

dedicated with permission to

Sir Richard Hill, Bar^t



They fear Death least who think upon it most

Right Thoughts.
London

Printed for Chapman and Co. No. 11. Fleet Street, 1793.

Wright (Rev.)
K



TO
SIR RICHARD HILL, BART.

DESERVEDLY ESTEEMED FOR
HIS CONSTANT PATRONAGE AND ENCOURAGEMENT
OF PURE AND UNDEFILED RELIGION,

THIS TREATISE

IS, WITH PERMISSION,

DEDICATED,

WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

BY

HIS MOST OBLIGED

AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

*John Street,
Aug. 1st, 1793.*

THE AUTHOR.

Just published,
(Price Three Shillings,)

THE
Lady's Miscellany ;

OR,

PLEASING ESSAYS, POEMS, STORIES,
AND EXAMPLES,

FOR THE
INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF
THE FEMALE SEX IN GENERAL,
IN EVERY STATION OF LIFE.

BY
GEORGE WRIGHT, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE RURAL CHRISTIAN, PLEASING MELAN-
CHOLY, &c. &c.

In this small Tract, intended for the Fair,
Pleasure and Profit truly blended are.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR CHAPMAN AND CO.
NO. 161, FLEET-STREET.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE man of *pleasure* may resort to scenes of riot and dissipation for amusement; the man of *reading* may seek entertainment from the volumes of his library; the man of the *world* may travel into distant countries to acquire the knowledge of mankind at large; the man of *science* may study the arts with assiduity and success, and the *philosopher* explore the wonders of nature with attention and delight; but the man of serious *reflection*, will find a secret pleasure, in often repairing to the silent dormitory of his deceased friends and fellow-creatures,

*To read the monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit the vaults, and dwell among the tombs.*

DR. YOUNG.

Walks among the tombs have been often stiled a *Pleasant Melancholy*; to me they ever were so, and ever will be to the contemplative man, who is fond of indulging serious meditations on the shortness of life, the certainty of death, and the vanity and emptiness of all sublunary things.

To wander thoughtful in a rustic burial place, amidst the graves of the mouldering dead; far removed from the haunts of dissipation and the strife of tongues; or attentively to survey the sculptur'd monuments, and read over the inscriptions on the ancient walls, or within the silent cloisters of a venerable cathedral, are employments suited to the taste of the candidates for solitude and retirement, and naturally adapted to suggest improving reflections on that last great, solemn, and momentous change that must ere long take place on every son and daughter of Adam, when corruption shall put on incorruption, mortal, immortality, and time shall be no more.

P R E F A C E.

HOWEVER imitations may not in the general, come up to, or equal the originals they are taken from, they still may not be without some degree of merit, either in respect of subject, design, tendency, or usefulness*.

Imitation naturally implies, or evidences, three things.

1. Having seen, heard, or read the original.
2. An admiration of, or regard for it.
3. A desire, or endeavour, to resemble or be like it, either in action, conversation, workmanship, or composition; all which must be included in copying a fine painting; imitating the speech and conduct of a worthy person; and following the stile and manner of

* To imitate a *vile* original, copy a *worthless* character, or follow a *bad* example, is no proof of the imitator's wisdom, judgment, or discernment, but a glaring evidence of his want of each.

an admired Author. The last of these is what the writer of this Treatise has attempted in the ensuing pages, with what propriety and success, must be left to the judgment and determination of the serious and discerning reader.

Though the language of Hervey's meditations may be accounted by some too florid for common conversation, and abounding with redundant epithets, still it must be generally acknowledged to be pleasing in the reading, and has evidently been acceptable to thousands, from their extensive sale; the subject matter of them is truly interesting and important; and well deserves the serious attention and regard of all; if so, an imitation of the stile and matter of them cannot but have this merit, being copied from a good and *approved* original.

John Street, April 21, 1792.

G. W.

A R G U M E N T.

A walk in a country church-yard on a summer's evening;—reflections occasioned by a survey of the graves it contained;—an interesting quotation from Blair's grave;—meditations on the brevity of human life;—death equally the lot of all;—reflections on the death of infants;—Melodia's death and epitaph;—Aleander, a hapless youth;—his melancholy end;—remarks suggested by a view of his tomb;—sun-set;—moon-light;—poetical descriptions of nocturnal beauties from Addison and Broome;—Thymander, a hopeful young man; his life and death;—Florianthus, a debaucher;—his pathetic address to his sister just before his death;—reflections on his miserable exit;—sleep, an emblem of death;—Eliza's death;—the author's wife;—elegiac lines on her decease;—Theander's life and death;—a profligate;—Amanda's triumphant dissolution;—remarks on part of the burial service;—select epitaphs on infants;—reflections suggested by them;—concluding with earnest exhortations to be always ready for our last great change.

PLEASING MELANCHOLY;

OR, A

WALK AMONG THE TOMBS.



What is this world? A burial place unwall'd;

Where is the dust that has not been alive?

Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel.

DR. YOUNG.



ON a late visit to a friend in the country, I was invited by the fineness of the weather, and variegated beauties of the adjacent fields, to take a solitary walk; a *walk* among the calm and undisturbed abodes of rural nature, to enjoy the instructive pleasures of sylvan contemplation; while day's great regent, in all the grandeur of an Eastern prince, was slowly descending down the western skies*.

Strolling along the verdant meads, which were enamelled with flowers of every hue; and agreeably entertained with the twittering vespers of the aerial choir; I

* The business of the day dispatched, and the sultry heats abated, invited me to the recreation of a walk; a walk in one of the finest recesses of the country, and in one of the most pleasant evenings which the summer season produced.

Hervey's Meditations in a Flower Garden.

came to a neighbouring church; desirous of indulging a pleasing melancholy, I took a serious turn among the tombs around the ancient walls; and attentively perused the inscriptions presented to my view*.

How interesting and important are the lessons taught by a walk among the graves of deceased fellow mortals! how necessary the reflection for me—for all—I MUST SHORTLY DIE! How truly wise, to prepare for the solemn change, and be in constant readiness to appear before God, the Judge of quick and dead! knowing the dictates of sacred inspiration proclaim this awful truth, *It is appointed unto man once to die, and after this the judgment* †.

I soon must put off the vesture of mortality, and be a denison of another and an *eternal* world, where time, death, corruption, and decay, will be known no more for ever. Tremendous thought! Well may the poet say,

If death was nothing, and nought after death;
 - - - - - then might the debauchee
 Untrembling mouth the heavens - - -
 - - - - - but if there is an *hereafter*,
 And that there is, conscience uninfluenc'd,

* Mr. Hervey with great propriety and beauty stiles the tomb-stones of the rustic villager and cottage swain, *the only remaining trustees of their memory*; while the tombs of the great and noble serve to confirm Dr. Young's remark in his Night Thoughts,

Earth's highest station ends in *here he lies*,
 And *dust to dust* concludes her noblest song.

† Hebrews ix. 27.

And

And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die.

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

Life, even at the longest, is but short, compared to that eternal existence I am hastening to, and put in competition with the never-ending ages of futurity beyond the grave;—yes, O my soul! the period of thy continuance here below, in the frail tenement of flesh and blood, is as transitory as it is uncertain—

A span is all that we can boast;
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flow'r and prime.

DR. WATTS.

The innocence of childhood, bloom of youth, vigour of manhood, and sagacity of age, are equally exposed, and frequently fall a prey, to the shafts of all-conquering death; our enjoyments, however pleasing; our relations, however dear; our mercies, however valuable; and our possessions, however great; all, *all* must ere long leave us, or we them, and the words of Solomon be the experience of our last moments, *As he came forth of his mother's womb, naked shall he return to go as he came; and shall take nothing of his labour, which he may carry away in his band**. While our departure into the world of spirits, destitute of every earthly tie, will corroborate the in-

* Eccles. v. 15. Job i. 21. Psal. xlix. 17.

spired assertion of St. Paul, *We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we shall carry nothing out* *.

An engaging child, the object of a parent's fondest hopes, the darling of his warmest wishes, and chief desire of his eyes, is, it may be, suddenly snatched away from the embraces of a tender father, an indulgent mother, and weeping friends; the flower just blown is suddenly cropt by the chill hand of death †, to diffuse its sweetness, and adorn with unfading beauty, the paradise of God; confirming the animating and scriptural reflection of a late faithful herald of the Prince of Peace.

The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short comforts, borrow'd now
To be repaid anon.
'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
And sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave. DR. WATTS.

* To part with our comforts as soon almost as we receive them, to be deprived of endearing relatives, or friends, after but a few years enjoyment of their company and converse, are no small trials of our faith, patience and

* 1 Tim. vi. 7.

† Know these great truths ye rich and poor,
Life is uncertain, death is sure;
All things below must soon decay,
Both heav'n and earth must pass away;
But after death, there will remain
Two *endless* states of bliss and pain.

resigna.

resignation, and cannot but excite our grief, and melt us into tears; the ties of nature, and the bands of amity, mutually conspire on such bereaving dispensations, to provoke our sorrow, and embitter the remembrance of the dear deceased.—Yes, methinks, I hear Sobrina, the weeping fair one say, you speak the tender feelings of my heart, and express the grief-taught language of my very soul,—for oh! my dear, much loved and improving friend, Melodia's dead; on whose sepulchral stone the following remarkable lines are engraven,

In early life she wisely sought her God,
And with submission bore his chaf'ning rod;
Taught by his Spirit, she his truths rever'd,
While faith in Christ, her dying moments cheer'd.
Thus blest with grace which heav'n alone could give,
She learn'd to die ere thousands learn to live*.

Lines

* This epitaph, as it demands universal attention and regard, may with great propriety be maturely considered, and according to its moment and importance, recommended to the notice and remembrance of all.

In early life she wisely sought her God.

According to the declaration of God himself, under the character of Wisdom, in Prov. viii. 17. *I love them that love me, and them that seek me early shall find me.* She began in the morning of her days to love and seek Him, of whom she was (according to his gracious promise) both loved and found; O how happy are the parents of good and pious children, who fear the Lord betimes! they view them with delight, as the objects of the Almighty's favour, and interested in his dearly beloved Son, Jesus Christ; who, when on earth, took such into his arms, and blessed them, saying, *Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God,* Mark x. 14.

Thrice

Lines happily expressive, of that genuine piety, she evidenced while but a child in years; and at the same time beautifully descriptive of that peace, resignation,

Thrice happy youths! who walk in wisdom's ways, and find them pleasantness; and experience all her paths to be truly paths of peace.

And with submission bore his chafening rod.

Melodia, though under *eighteen* years of age at the time she died, had been long acquainted with trouble, and for several years a patient exemplary scholar in affliction's school; she had by painful experience learned that melancholy truth, that every age is equally exposed to the attacks of disease, and pain (in common) the inheritance of mortality; but at the same time she was taught to bow with resignation to the dealings of heaven, well assured that all things work together for good to them who love God; and e'en crosses from his Sovereign hand, are blessings in disguise.

Taught by his Spirit she his truths revered.

Timothy like, she loved the Sacred Scriptures from the time she first could read them; enlightened by the same Spirit who endited them, she happily felt the power of divine truth upon her heart, and took the word for *a light unto her feet, and a lamp unto her paths,*

While faith in Christ her dying moments cheer'd.

Her hopes of salvation were founded on the rock Christ, and she believed in Him alone, who is the resurrection and the life, *in whom whosoever believeth shall live though he die.* Assured of this, she enjoyed solid comfort in the views of death, while a lively faith in the Saviour of the world supported her soul above the fears of dissolution.

Thus blessed with grace which heav'n alone could give,

She was a partaker of that grace which is the gift of God, and purifieth the heart; and she evidenced it by redeeming her time, living to the Lord, and preparing for her latter end, which is suitably expressed in the close of the epitaph, as the study and pursuit of but very few, especially among the *younger* part of mankind,

She learned to die ere thousands learn to live.

and

and believing triumph, which so eminently accompanied her departure into a world of spirits——

We meet to part, said a good man to Sobrina, on her mourning the death of a pious and amiable friend, but, added for her consolation, and *part to meet again*. It is this latter truth which sweetens the bitter cup in taking a last farewell of those we dearly love, while the promises of the EVERLASTING GOSPEL cheer the expiring Christian in the article of death, light up the dreary vale, and teach him to rejoice even on the verge of immortality, in the language of the Royal Psalmist, *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me* *.

But what says yonder stone, which seems but lately placed among these faithful registers of human frailty? Let me draw near, and read——

*My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,
And in my Saviour's image rise.*

In memory of a woman in the prime of life, the mother of seven children, who all survive her, to mourn her loss with him who lately shared in all her joys, and made her griefs his own; kind heaven! with pity view the widower's tears, and hear the orphan's cries. What an affecting and melancholy stroke was this!

* Psalm xxiii. 4.

Say, ye blest partners of a mutual love !
 Who know no happiness, and feel no pain,
 But what each other share *.

How truly mournful and distressing must be such a Providence, and how deeply felt by the surviving parent † ! but even here, on such a trying dispensation, and under such afflictive circumstances, *religion* can apply the balm of soul-reviving consolation ; and in the midst of the greatest sorrows cause the real Christian to rejoice, with a joy which is *unspeakable and full of glory* †.

Alas ! how short, unstable, and precarious is all earthly bliss ; behold the favourites of fortune, the sons of affluence, or the heirs to royalty and kingdoms, envied, flattered, and caressed by all around them ; view them revelling in the lap of pleasure, lost in the labyrinths of amusement and dissipation, or hurried forwards by the impulses of appetite and passion ; and say, ye sober and discerning candidates for rational and permanent felicity, can these be stiled *truly* happy, even during the short time they are pursuing happiness ? No ; conscience, in the moments of solitude and recollection will declare their folly, and sting them to the heart. —

Alcander, hapless youth ! was late a strenuous advocate for sensual joys ; he often sought to drown reflection,

* Solitary Walks.

† Dr. Young justly observes, when such friends part, it is the *survivor* dies.

† 1 Peter i. 8.

When dire disease obstructs the lab'ring breath,
 When the heart sickens, and each pulse is death ;
 E'en then *Religion* shall sustain the just,
 Grace their last moments, nor desert their dust.

whelmed

whelmed in the fumes of intoxication, or wallowing in the mire of licentiousness; possessed of riches, allied to nobility, enslaved by pride, and a dupe to vicious gratifications, he was at the same time an object both of pity and abhorrence. Repairing one evening, as was his constant practice, to the lodgings of a female wanton, he met with a brother candidate for vice*; a dispute arose and terminated in a challenge; the consequence of which was, a wound in his left side. He was conveyed home with little hopes of life, but still utterly unwilling to admit the most distant thoughts of death. Assistance was at hand to prescribe, attend to, and perform whatever was thought necessary on so melancholy an occasion; all the means were made use of as could possibly be devised to heal and cure, while poor Alcander in vain expressed the greatest sollicitations, though in excruciating pain, to continue on the present stage of existence, and escape the fatal effects of his rashness and imprudence.—Before the next evening he died in great agonies, insensible to every thing but the pains of dissolving nature.

How great the folly of such thoughtless and dissipated youths! how dreadful their end! and how tremendous the sentence, which must inevitably be pronounced upon them at the last great assize, in the ears of an assembled world! Alas! what enemies the young and gay too generally are to their best interests, their immortal souls, and their everlasting welfare! *Oh that they were wise*, might not only be with great propriety the language of Moses concerning

* See the Rural Christian, Book the third, the death of Cleander.

Israel of old *, but of every well-wisher to the rising generation in the present day †.

Did the sons and daughters of mortality more seriously, as well as frequently meditate on what they were hastening to ‡, and where they must eternally exist when time shall be no more, either in a state of endless joy or woe, according to their principles and practice upon earth ||, they would be more circumspect in their conduct; and if happily influenced by divine grace, their actions would be chiefly aimed at, and terminate in the glory of God, the good of their own souls, and the benefit of their fellow creatures——

But while I am meditating on these important subjects, lo! the great Ruler of the day § in solemn pomp leaves our hemisphere, to twilight gray, and evening's dewy shades; while in the eastern skies, the moon, pale empress of the night, breaks out among the silver-skirted clouds, and shadowy sets off the face of things ¶; reminding me of those beautiful lines of Mr. Addison's;

* Deut. xxxii. 29.

† See Hervey's illustration of this text in his *Meditations among the Tombs*.

‡ All should be prophets to themselves, foresee
Their *future* fate; their future fate foretell;

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

|| Isai. lix. 18. Rev. xxii. 12. § Gen. i. 16.

¶ ————— The moon

Rising in cloudy majesty, at length

Unveil'd with peerless light;

She o'er the dark her silver mantle threw,

And in her pale dominions check'd the night. MILTON.

Soon

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Proclaim the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

The stillness of universal nature at this solemn hour, and the serene beauties of a moon-light night, have furnished the pens of the greatest writers, with lively descriptions, and the most agreeable painting; the distant views of the country now are seen no more*, but gradually give place to prospects near at hand. A late eminent writer thus happily pourtrays the scene I now behold.

———— The moon, as day-light fades,
 Lifts her broad circle in the deepening shades;
 Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
 She breaks the solemn terrors of the night:
 Now in decrease by slow degrees she shrouds,
 Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds;
 Now at increase her gathering beams display,
 A blaze of light, and give a paler day. BROOME.

An inward tremor is naturally excited by walking in a church-yard after day-light is withdrawn: nature shudders even in the most courageous, when left pensive and alone

* Now glimm'ring landscapes fade upon the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
 Save where the beetle wheels its drony flight,
 And drowzy tinklings lull the distant folds,

GRAY.
 among

among the graves and tomb-stones of the silent dead; and the most distant thought of a ghost appearing in such a place and time as this, causes a secret fear and trepidation to seize the animal spirits, and run through the human frame. But what is there to fear? alas! nothing worse than myself. It is true, idle stories have been too industriously propagated and believed, of the appearance of departed spirits in such abodes as this*; *young* people especially attentively hear, and with eagerness relate accounts of this kind, to the terror of their juvenile acquaintance, and their own dismay. In my opinion, it is our greatest wisdom truly to *fear God*, and then we need not fear any one besides †; for *the angel of the Lord incampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them* ‡; and as all nature is at God's command, we may rest assured, he will permit nothing to happen to his people, but what shall eventually subserve his own glory, and their eternal good §.

* In each low mind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes stalk along the walls.

Pope.

† See Hervey on Night, page 204.

‡ Psalm xxxiv. 7.

§ Rom. viii. 28. The apostle does not leave it to a mere peradventure, or the bare hope that all things *may*, or shall at some *future* period, work together for the good of them that love God, but he declares they do so now, at the *present* time; and lest any one should reply, may not the apostle be too peremptory in his assertion here, and affirm that to be true, which he only wished or *hoped* might be so? he confidently says, *and we know* (beyond a doubt) that this is a truth as uncontrovertible (as if St. Paul had said) as the being of God himself, or our own existence.

Perfused

Perfuated of the care and protection of Omnipotence, and desirous of further exploring the sepulchral records of mortality in this sylvan burying place, assisted by the light of the full-orbed moon, I proceed on my pleasing melancholy task, and find new matter for serious reflection, every grave I come to, and from every epitaph I read. On yonder stone the following lines appear:—Here lies the body of——, a loving wife, a tender mother, and a real friend, aged 24, together with *three* of her children.

This life's a dream, and all things show it*,
I *thought* so once, but now I *know* it.

On what a frail uncertain base are man's fond hopes of earthly bliss too often built! the youthful root and tender branches plucked up and broken off by death's cold withering hand, are here deposited, to mingle as they moulder into native dust. She who seemed formed to alleviate the sorrows, or heighten the felicity of conjugal life; and the little innocents who in time might have softened the fatigues of honest industry, or shared in the management of domestic cares, being snatched from the bosom of an indulgent husband, and the arms of parental love, are become the melancholy sources of heartfelt, but unavailing grief. Hence let me learn this useful and important lesson, while I adore the gracious

* I have often thought of the truth and propriety of Dr. Young's sentiment, respecting the life that now is;

Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a *brook*,

For ever changing, *unperceiv'd* the change.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Giver

Giver of every earthly comfort, to hold the gifts with a trembling hand, knowing all I enjoy in the present state is but lent for a little while, to be returned with resignation, whenever God sees fit to require it at my hands *.

Thymander, hopeful youth! late the joy and comfort of his widowed mother, who viewed his growing virtues with peculiar pleasure and delight, was, by choice, educating for the pastoral office of an herald of the Prince of Peace. He had just compleated his *twenty-second* year, and given some flattering specimens of his promising abilities for the solemn and important work, when the Great Lord of the vineyard saw fit to transplant him out of the church militant into the church triumphant, by a deep decline. He found himself inwardly decaying for several weeks before he died; and evidently appeared to all around, swiftly hastening to an exchange of worlds: his surviving parent, urged by maternal fondness, frequently exhorted him to lay aside his design of continuing in the ministry, on account of the weakness of his constitution, occasioned by the rapid progress of his disease; but zealously concerned for the interest of Jesus Christ, and the good of immortal souls, he could not admit the thought of abating his fervour in so good a cause, or quitting the public service of so good a Master, but rather wished to spend, and be spent therein, till he should be silenced by the hand of death, and summoned to renew, with immortal vigour in glory, the feeble songs

* All the good things we receive at the hands of the Almighty respecting the present state, must be given up at *death*, if not required of us before; therefore let us ever be as willing to part with, as we were to receive them.

of

of praise he had began on earth. His last discourse was from Job's interesting question, *If a man die, shall he live again**?

He was happily resigned to the will of God, and in his latter moments, when heart and flesh were failing, and unbelieving fears arose to distress his soul, he was enabled to say with David, *Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God†*; and died a few minutes after, rejoicing in the comfortable assurance that *his Redeemer liveth, and shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after his skin worms destroyed his body, yet in his flesh he should see God, whom he should see for himself and not another, though his reins be consumed within him*. On his tomb-stone are the following lines, written by a sympathising friend:

“ Thrice happy youth! thou now canst tell,
 “ What pleasures with thy Saviour dwell;
 “ What joys are for the saints in store,
 “ At God's right hand for evermore‡.”

Well may it be declared by divine inspiration, *Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord*; and well might Balaam

* Job xiv. 14. However this interrogation may lead some to apprehend Job had his doubts respecting a *future state*, or a life to come, it is evidently a gross mistake, and readily proved from his triumphant language in the prospect of his latter end approaching, recorded in the 19th chapter of his Book, and 26th verse.

† Psalm xlii. 11.

‡ Solitary Walks.

with

wish to die the death of the righteous, and his last end to be like his *; for the apostle Paul very justly observes, not only respecting himself, but every true believer in Jesus, to die is gain †; therefore with a hope full of immortality does he triumph in the reflection on the nature and certainty of his approaching change, saying, *O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?* and joyfully add, *thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ* ‡. However terrible death may appear to the wicked and ungodly, attended with the pungent stings of a guilty conscience, and all the horrors of self-condemnation and despair; yet the real Christian, whose trust and confidence is in a faithful God and Saviour, may joyfully welcome his last summons to depart, knowing he shall be with Christ, which is best of all §.

Florianthus, the eldest son of a late eminent merchant, and the heir of his *vices*, as well as his *estate*; after having spent several years, and the greatest part of his fortune in the alluring paths of forbidden pleasures, regardless of his Maker, enslaved by his passions, and an utter stranger to reflection; was a few months ago laid on a sick bed by a violent cold, which terminated in a putrid fever, and in three days ended his dissipated life.

About two hours before he died, he was in great anguish; and being sensible he was near his end, thus addressed his sister, an amiable young woman, who was sitting by the bed-side:—"Oh sister! I feel excruciating pain; my *mind*,

* Numb. xxiii. 10.

† Philip. i. 21.

‡ 1 Corin. xv. 55, 57.

§ Philip. i. 23.

“ as well as *body*, is on the rack: I’m all but in *hell* *.—

“ Oh pity and pray for me, my dear Maria; you know

“ not, nor can I express the agonies I now labour under.—

“ I hope my dear mother will forgive my past miscon-

“ duct; she often warned me, and you kindly seconded her

“ admonitions, but I turned a deaf ear to your advice,

“ and was wilfully blind to the charms of piety and vir-

“ tue.—Though early instructed in my duty to God, my

“ own soul, and my fellow creatures, I have wilfully sinned

“ against the dictates of conscience, and the precepts of

“ the best of parents.——

“ Oh, God, forgive me, if it is not too late.”——

He would have said more, but his reason left him, through increasing agonies; and he continued raving till he expired.

How just is that well-known proverb, *he who swims in sin shall sink in sorrow*. How careful ought we then to be, of improving the *health, time, talents*, and *opportunities* we enjoy at present, in laying ourselves out daily, to *do good, get good, and be good*, that all things may work together for our *temporal, spiritual, and eternal* good, under the blessing of heaven, and approbation of the MOST HIGH†.

The melancholy end of Florianthus is a glaring evidence of *their* egregious folly, who live in pleasure and dissipation, regardless of every thing truly worthy the notice and attention of candidates for immortality; while at the same time it enforces the propriety of imbib-

* I’m lost for ever; whither shall I fly?

‡ I want a Saviour, but no friend is nigh;

See Altamont’s death in the

Rural Christian B. 3d.

† Romans viii. 28.

D

ing

ing the pious admonitions of a modern writer, expressed in the following lines :

Deluded mortal ! flee the baits of sense,
Pursue not pleasure at your *soul's* expence ;
Think on the shortness of the present state,
Prepare in *time* to meet approaching fate,
For oh ! the dang'rous folly, to be wise too *late* *.

}

Death justly may be stiled the king of terrors to that man, who has spent his life in pursuing the honours, pleasures, and diversions of time and sense, entirely forgetful of the solemn and momentous concerns of his never-dying soul. Yes ; methinks I hear rich *Dives* say, I found him so indeed † ; when on the verge of the grave, and in the views of an approaching day of final retribution, how may we naturally suppose was he terrified and alarmed at his own foreboding apprehensions of where he was going, and what should be his portion in a future state and world.

It has been frequently observed they fear death most when he arrives, who think upon him least before he comes ; therefore it was said by Dr. Young,

* The last expressions of Florianthus are no bad comment upon the folly of those who depend on, and put every thing off to a *death-bed* repentance. I would not have any one suppose that such repentance cannot be sincere or acceptable to God, which a person may discover in the *near* views of an eternal world ; but I wish no one to hazard the welfare of his immortal soul, or put off the thoughts of amendment and reformation, upon the uncertain hope of having time enough before him for repentance ; for who can tell what a *day* or an *hour* may bring forth ? *Now is the accepted time ; now is the day of salvation.* Heb. iii. 13. 2 Cor. vi. 2.

† Luke xvi. 22, 23.

The

The *thought* of death alone the *fear* destroys.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Seriously to reflect on our latter end; frequently to think on what we are, and what we shortly must be; daily to meditate on that eternal world which death opens into, is our duty as well as privilege, and may, when sent home to the conscience, by the blessed Spirit of God, tend to wean us more from things temporal, and lead us to seek those things which are eternal*; how happy he who fearless treads the dreary vale of death †! —

How calm the air! how still are all things round me! not a breeze shakes the leaves! nature is retired to rest; the flocks to their grassy couch, the songsters of the groves to their leafy beds, and man to his downy pillow.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world;
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear an object finds,
Creation sleeps —

But what is sleep? an emblem of death †; and what is

* It was justly observed by a late writer, that a *serious* look at things temporal, looks them into nothing. All, all on earth is shadow; all beyond is substance.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† How inexpressibly happy must that Christian be, who can join with David in the views of dissolution, in saying, *Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.* Psalm xxiii. 4.

‡ Welcome sweet sleep death's image! to thine arms I fly;
Pleas'd without life to live, glad without death to die.

the bed-room ? but an anti-chamber to the grave !—Alas ! how frequently am I reminded of these awful truths, by the funerals of my neighbours, relatives or friends* ; one falls on my right hand, another on my left ; one is snatched away by a sudden stroke† ; while another is gradually taken off by a lingering disease. Thus circumstanced, I look on myself as a soldier in the field of battle, where thousands are falling on every side, and I myself every moment expecting the fatal wound ; may the Lord of his infinite mercy and grace, prepare me and all my readers for the awful summons, come when it will, and grant us at last, through the merits and intercession of his dear Son, an abundant admittance into his kingdom and glory.————

The pious and amiable Eliza, the late dear partner of my life, a few weeks since, was called from earth to heaven, in the 38th year of her age‡ ; a melancholy proof
how

* The knell which sounds my neighbour's fall,
Speaks death to me, to you, to all. SOLITARY WALKS.

† Another day thou may'st not see,
Prepare then for eternity.

‡ The following Elegiac lines were composed on her sickness and
decease.

How short is life ! how frail is man !
Our time on earth is but a span ;
A few more troubles, doubts and fears,
A few more sorrows, groans and tears ;
And all shall be for ever o'er,
And pain and sorrow known no more ;
The deathless soul shall wing its way,
To regions of eternal day ;
To sing with kindred saints above,
The wonders of redeeming love.

Whilst

how ineffectual real worth, true piety, and the purest manners are to escape the lingering agonies of dissolving nature, or retard the fatal stroke of all-subduing death. She was truly a dutiful wife, a tender mother, and a sincere but *retired* Christian; one who made it her daily study and concern to be weaned from the world, and prepared for leaving it; and could justly say in her latest moments, *Death has no fears for me.*

Well may we ask, with an inspired writer, *what is life?* and readily join with him in declaring, *it is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away**. What is the longest life, compared with the endless ages of eternity? but like a few drops to the ocean, or a few grains

Whilst in the grave, the body lies,
Till the last trumpet sounds, arise,
Then soul and body join'd, shall raise,
To God, a song of endless praise.

But hark! methinks some groans I hear,
Which seem to tell me, death is near;
Alas! the melancholy news is spread,
The pious saint, the dear Eliza's dead.
Heav'n knew her matchless worth, and heav'n alone
Snatch'd her from earth, and claim'd her as its own.
What tongue the feelings of my heart can tell?
Now call'd by heaven, to take my last farewell, —
Farewell, thou late dear partner of my life;
Farewell, thou dutiful and virtuous wife;
Thou kind companion, and thou faithful friend,
Belov'd thro' life, lamented in thine end.
Farewell, dear object of my warmest love,
Saints hail thee welcome to the realms above;
There may I meet thee after death, to dwell
At God's right hand; till then, dear saint, *farewell*.

* James iv. 14.

of

of sand to the countless millions which appear on the sea shore; and yet, alas! how fond we are of this present transitory state and world! How do the greatest part of mankind trifle away their time, without bestowing a thought upon that eternity into which they are daily hastening *! the pleasures, riches and honours of the world, are the idols which are most devoutly worshipped by men in general, while all besides is accounted enthusiasm, or ridiculed as folly.

A few days ago Serena, a young lady of beauty and fortune, in her *twenty-third* year, was torn by the enemy of nature, from the arms of an indulgent parent, and of a family, by whom she was almost adored. To accomplish her person, and cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used; and they had been attended with that success, which they generally meet with, when not unhappily prevented by a mistaken fondness, or youthful inconsideration.

Few young ladies have attracted more admiration than Serena; none ever felt it less; she died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues; when every hope was ripening to reward them. The death of one who, like Serena, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a tender father and *three* younger sisters, presents to us an affecting view of family sorrow, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. But what

- * Your span's contracting daily, death is near,
The awful judgment-day will soon appear;
When every one shall by their deeds be tried,
Sinners condemn'd, the righteous justified.

SOLITARY WALKS.

heaven

heaven does is right; for wisdom infinite can never err,
and love eternal can't be thought severe.

Cease then fond nature, cease thy wayward strife,
Death to the virt'ous is the gate of life*.

Well may we say with the late pious Mr. Addison,
The ways of Providence are dark and intricate,
Puzzled with mazes and perplex'd with errors †;
Our understanding searches them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings turn,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

ADDISON'S CATO.

The ways of the Lord are in the great deep, and his
footsteps are not known: he killeth and he maketh alive;
he gives and he takes away, and none have a right to say
unto him, what, or wherefore dost thou so †.

What we know not now, we shall know hereafter; let
us then humbly wait the time when that which is imper-
fect shall be done away, and that which is perfect shall
appear; when, if we are real Christians, we shall see Jesus
even as we are seen; know even as we are known, and be
happily convinced, as well as readily acknowledge, with
adoring gratitude, that God was just and righteous in all
that he did, or suffered to be done to us while we sojourned

* This alludes to the motto of her family arms, *mors janua vite*.

To those who fear the Lord death leads the way,
To endless life, and joys without decay.

SOLITARY WALKS.

Apparently so, to our shallow and finite comprehensions.

† Job ix. 12.

in

in this vale of tears, and that all was for his own glory and our eternal good*.

What silent, yet instructive preachers, are the tombs of the mouldering dead! I frequently visit a neighbouring burial ground, not out of singularity, but for improvement, to attend to the faithful monitors it contains; methinks there are no orders, nor degrees of people, but might be benefited by the important lessons they convey. Here the opulent, and the great, might be taught the vanity of all earthly grandeur. Here the imperious, and the proud, might learn humility and self-abasement. Here the thoughtless and the gay, might be excited to seriousness and consideration; and, the young and vain, be suitably reminded of their own mortality.—

Among the funeral monuments around me, the splendid tomb of *Honorius* particularly attracts my view. I was lately favoured by one who knew him well, with a sketch of his real character. His fortune was large, and his disposition liberal. His abilities were great, both natural and acquired. He was the faithful friend; the loving husband; the tender parent; the kind master, and the sincere Christian. He did not imagine that Christianity was incompatible with honour and politeness. He promoted it among others: he practised it himself. Nor did he conceive it beneath him, to give constant attention to the interests of religion in his family. He joined with it daily in devotion, and took the earliest opportunities of inculcating the principles of piety and virtue in the minds of his little ones. Heaven smiled upon the performance of his duty. His children imitated the example of their father. This great and good man, was at once, an ho-

* Rom. viii. 21. 2 Corin. iv. 17.

nour to human nature ; an ornament to religion, and a friend to mankind. His memory is still precious in the minds of the living, and his name illustrious among the sepulchres of the dead.——

Not long since I saw the gay Orlando in all the strength and vigour of blooming youth. But, ah ! thoughtless, deluded, vicious Orlando ! How unexpectedly were his days cut off ! How little did he imagine a week ago, that he should be now in the regions of eternity !——This is his tomb.——When he was dangerously ill, I was requested to visit him. As I entered his chamber, he was near expiring. Never before did I behold a scene so melancholy and affecting. A minister had been just sent for ; “ the Physician of the soul, it seems, had been unthought of by his ungodly parents, till the physician of the body had despaired of life.” * He asked them if they had conversed with him on the subject of *religion*. They looked at each other, and were silent. He himself, next mentioned religion, to the dying youth. He turned away his face—Presently he sobbed, and grew more restless ; at length, he thus attempted to vent the agonies of his mind.

“ You now behold, Sir,” said he to the reverend teacher, “ an object the most wretched upon earth ! My body is loathsome, and racked with pain : this of itself, is almost insupportable, but it is the least part of my misery ! I am haunted with perpetual images of horror and despair ! Death stares me in the face ! Judgment is before me ! Eternity opens to my view ! I have sinned away the day of grace ! Little did I imagine it was so far spent ! Vainly I flattered myself of arriving to old age ! I

* See Dodd's Reflections on Death.

purposed, after I had been satiated with worldly pleasures, to have become religious, and to have died in peace! Fatal delusion! I am now arrested by death! In a few moments I must appear before the Judge of all—I am utterly unprepared for trial!—I have neither time nor ability to make preparation; for my body and mind are both inexpressibly tormented * .—

It pains me even to *think* of religion! I cannot think of it! My thoughts are instantly distracted! O the guilt upon my conscience!—How numerous are my sins!—How often have I taken God's name in vain!—How often have I profaned and trifled away the sabbath-day!—How many sermons have I heard without improvement, while I have despised both the preacher and his message!—How many friendly admonitions have I slighted! How disobedient have I been to my dear parents!—It would be endless to recount my crimes! It is intolerable to think of them! And yet think of them I *must*! They all appear before me in their crimson colours! I cannot get rid of them! Must I *never* get rid of them? Must they follow me into the *other* world? Must I feel their effects through eternity? Must they exclude me from the kingdom of heaven, and be the cause of my lying down in everlasting burnings? O wretch that I am! Would to God I had never been born! What anxiety and distress, overwhelm

* Well might a late eminent writer say,
A moment we may wish, when worlds want wealth
To buy - - - - -
Buy no moment but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth, ask *death-beds*, they can tell.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

me. O"—Here his voice failed him. He now grew delirious, and in less than two hours, expired in the greatest agonies, in the *twenty-fourth* year of his age.

It is impossible to paint the heart-felt grief that appeared in the countenances of his parents on his dissolution; nor do I imagine it possible to conceive, the remorse they must have felt, for neglecting parental duty towards their only son *. How did they wink at his early faults? Nay, how did they appear even to encourage him in his vices? Unhappy parents! hapless Orlando!——

Here I cannot help recollecting the very lively description of the latter moments of Horatio, (a late opulent tradesman in the city) as given by an intimate friend.—The disease baffles the power of medicine; they who stand by, observe its progress with concern; the dying man watches their every look; he suspects his case to be desperate; the physician at length pronounces it so; he *believes* it—now the wheel of life goes down apace; the vital flame burns faint and irregular—reason intermits—short intervals of sense divide his thoughts and passions—now, *himself* is the principal object; then, his *family*;—his friends, relatives, and children, all crowd around his bed; shed their affectionate but unavailing tears, and receive his last blessing—his pulse beats slower and slower—his eyes swim—his voice falters—a cold and clammy sweat bedews his face—he groans—changes countenance, and expires.—Well may the Scriptures of divine truth declare, *man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a*

* Parents who wish their children to be blessings to them, and not curses, as too many prove, should set before them *good* examples, and give them *good* instructions.

shadow, and continueth not * ; *verily every man at his best estate is altogether vanity* † .——

Here lie the relicks of the young, the beautiful, the virtuous Amanda, who died in the 19th year of her age. But a few months past, health bloomed in her cheeks, and a modest cheerfulness overspread her countenance. Her summons into the eternal world, was unexpected, indeed, to her *friends*, but not so to herself. She flattered not herself with long life ; nor was she so unwise as to risk preparing for death to some *future* period. She considered the precariousness of human life, and the dangerous folly of delaying repentance to an uncertain to-morrow. †

Death,

* Job xiv. 2.

† Psalm xxxix. 5.

‡ This reminds me of the following lines written under a sun-dial in a gentleman's garden in Shropshire.

Pereunt et Imputantur *.

To-morrow, didst thou say ?—

Methought I heard Horatio say, *to-morrow*,

Go to—I will not hear of it—*to-morrow* !

'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury

Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,

And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises ;

The currency of ideots.—Injurious bankrupt,

That gulls the easy creditor !—*to-morrow* !

It is a period no where to be found

In all the hoary registers of time,

Unless perchance in the *fool's* calendar.

Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society

* The minutes pass away, and are put to our account.

With

Death, therefore, to Amanda, was not unexpected. She numbered every day as her last †, and at night closed her eyes with as much preparation for eternity, as if she was to awake no more in time. Nor was the king of terrors unwelcome to her. She considered life as the treasure of heaven, lent her but for a short period, to prepare in for

With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis fancy's child, and folly is its father!—

But soft, my friend—arrest the *present* moments;
For be assured, they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heav'n, and there record thy folly.
Because, though station'd on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Did'st let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on thy guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar,
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd justice, who shall tell thy audit? —

Then stay the *present* instant, dear Horatio:
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
O! let it not elude thy grasp, but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee*.

† Make every day a critic on the past,
And live each hour as tho' it was your last.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

* Genesis xxxii. 26.

a future

a future state, beyond the grave. At the Almighty's pleasure, she thankfully resigned him his own, and cheerfully put off the garments of mortality.

Upon hearing of her illness, and being intimate with the family, I called to see her. Amanda lay composed, waiting the happy second when her pulse should cease to beat, and she should be with God. Her parents were much affected at the nearness of her dissolution. Presently, the religious, but too fond mother, stedfastly beholding the object of her love, was inconsolable. Her grief became excessive, and sensibly affected the resigned daughter, who, summoning her little strength, in broken accents thus addressed her: —

“ Dear mother ! Why this excessive grief ? Ought not, *must* not heaven's will be done * ? Did not we receive life, to part with it whenever God should think proper to demand it ? —

“ Remember, we part but for a short period ; for a few *days*, perhaps ; for a few *years*, at farthest ! — Why should we be unwilling to be separated ? Our joy at meeting will be the greater ! —

“ O my dear mother ! weep not immoderately for your daughter. Let reason and religion, still rule our breasts. Let us cheerfully acquiesce in the dispensations of an all-wise Providence ! Let the language of our *hearts* as well as lips be, *Thy will, O God, be done † !*” —

Amanda

- Let resignation soothe the troubled breast,
Being well assur'd what heav'n appoints is best.

SOLITARY WALKS.

† True piety, and that alone, can happily reconcile the young or old ; the rich or poor, to the stroke of death ; as it teaches us the wisdom

* and

Amanda now reclined her head upon her pillow, and in a few minutes afterwards expired without a groan. She smiled even in death, and entered triumphant, (I doubt not) into eternal bliss.—This affecting scene reminded me of those elegant lines by the late Dr. Young.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the *common* walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly ye profane ; if not, draw near with awe ;
.

A death-bed's a detector of the heart,
Here *real* and *apparent* are the same ;
You see the man ; you see his hold on heav'n ;
.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Parents who are bereaved of dear and promising children, should reflect for their comfort and support under such bereaving and afflictive dispensations, that they are taken away from the evil to come ; out of a wicked and ensnaring world ; to be for ever with Jesus the friend of publicans and sinners ; who, when he was upon earth, took children up into his arms and blessed them, saying, *Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God* *——I have frequently read with pleasure the following lines on an infant's tomb, and cannot but acknowledge they are the best I have ever met

and goodness of God in all his dealings, and assures the real Christian that so *him* to die will be endless gain.

* Mark x. 14.

with,

with, and well deserve to be recorded; while conscience testifies to the truth, all must own the suitableness and propriety of them.

Beneath a sleeping infant lies,
To earth whose ashes lent,
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
Tho' not more innocent.
When the arch-angel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions shall with their lives below,
Had been as short as thine.

Respecting thousands of the human race who now spend their days in rioting and drunkenness; chambering and wantonness; entirely regardless of the judgment to come; better would it have been for them had they never been born; for dying unprepared to appear before the bar of God; where all must stand at the latter day, to be finally acquitted or condemned; they must hear that most dreadful sentence passed upon them, which shall never, *never* be reversed, *Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels* *.—

* Matthew xxv. 41. Everlasting fire is a figurative term, made use of by the blessed Saviour of sinners, to express the excruciating torments of those impenitent souls in hell, who, while on earth, refused, despised, and set at nought his proffer'd salvation, as held out in the Gospel; and died wilful strangers to the redemption, purchased by Jesus Christ, for all those who should believe and embrace the glad tidings, and trust in him alone for pardon, acceptance and eternal life; it is only another term for the never-dying worm of an accusing conscience, and the fire of divine wrath which never shall be quenched.

Yet

Yet a little while, it may be ere *to-morrow's* dawn, and I who now am walking among the graves of the deceased, may be added to the number of those who are gone the way of all flesh, and have put on the vestments of immortality and incorruption; how suitable then are those monitory lines on yonder tomb-stone! Well may they attract my notice, and deserve the regard of all.

As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare in time to follow me:

Memento mori.

Oh! may they sink deep in the memory of every reader, and suitably influence their lives and conduct.— Time is short, eternity is at hand; we soon must take our final leave of all things here below, and follow those who are gone before us into an unknown world; where happiness or misery will be our everlasting portion*. Then let us be concerned, without delay, to prepare, while time and opportunities are continued to us, for death and a future state, by *living soberly, righteously, and godly in the world*; and believing in Jesus Christ, who is the resurrection and the life, *in whom whosoever believeth shall live though he die* †; that it may truly be to us as it was to the apostle Paul, *to live, Christ*, and then we may rest assured, death will be our *eternal gain* ‡; for *when Christ*,

* Matthew xxv. 46.

† John iii. 15. xi. 25, 26.

‡ Philippians i. 21.

Tho' thoughts on death may give the *wicked* pain,
The *Christian* knows, for him to *die* is *gain*.

who is our life shall appear, we also shall appear with him in glory, and so be for ever with the Lord.*——

I have often admired that part of the burial service, as a suitable introduction to the solemnities, of interring the corpse of a fellow mortal in the silent chambers of the grave.—“ *Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble; he cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay †.*” Truly may we say, in the midst of life we are in death, and readily join with the minister in addressing the Lord of heaven and earth in that pathetic language, “ *Of whom shall we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord! who for our sins art justly displeased; yet, O Lord God, most holy; O Lord, most mighty; O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death; but spare us Lord, most holy; O God, most mighty; O holy and merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from thee.*”—May these be our daily petitions at a throne of grace; and the Lord of his infinite mercy grant us a gracious answer to our prayers—

It was happily expressed by one not many days ago, on viewing the tomb-stones of a neighbouring church-yard;

No age nor station is secure,
Death cuts down all, both rich and poor;
From his attack no mortal's free,
Then for it Lord! prepare thou me.

'Tis well, when the thoughts of our own mortality, suggested by a perusal of the inscriptions, on the monu-

* 1 John iii. 2. Colossians iii. 4.

† 1 Chronicles xxix. 15. Psalm xc. 5, 6, 9. Job xiv. 12.

ments of our deceased fellow creatures, lead us to pray to the Father of our spirits, to prepare us for that last and momentous change, which must ere long take place on all, whether high or low, young or old, rich or poor*; and surely there can be nothing more rational and becoming a probationer for eternity, than daily to reflect on his approaching dissolution, and earnestly beg of God, to fit him for that awful scene, when he shall be called to bid adieu to all sublunary things, and enter upon an unchangeable state of bliss or woe †. —

The epitaph on yonder tomb stone, erected to the memory of an only child just *four* years old, is worthy attention, and demands regard;

Tho' infant years no pompous honours claim,
The vain parade of monumental fame;
To better praise the last great day shall rear,
The spotless innocence that slumbers here.

Alas! how trifling and insignificant are all the titles, honours, and emoluments this world can bestow ‡! how empty and jejune the distinctions of the rich and noble

* omnes una manet nox,

Et calcanda semel via lethi.

HOR.

† Dan. xii. 2.

‡ Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow; soon as caught,
Contemned; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp;
Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

among men* ! respecting each, it may well be said, as the wise man expresses it, *Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit* †.—What solid comfort and satisfaction can the highest titles upon earth, or possession of the greatest fortune yield, or procure a person, labouring under the weight of a guilty conscience, or struggling in the agonies of death ‡ ? such a one might justly exclaim with Job, *miserable comforters are ye all* § ; nothing, *nothing* can afford at such a time the least consolation, separate from the happy experience of an interest in Jesus Christ, and that faith in him, which makes him truly precious to the soul, and enables it to say with David, *Whom have I in heaven, but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee; my flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.* ||

* pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which *staffs* or *strings* can raise.

DR. YOUNG.

† Ecclef. i. 2. ii. 26.

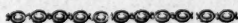
‡ Superior birth and honours want a power
To save the frail possessors from the tomb ;
All must submit to that grim tyrant death,
Who shakes alike the cottage and the throne ;
Mingling the monarch's with the peasant's clay,
Whelms crowns in dunghills ; dignity in dust.

T. NEWCOMB.

§ Job xvi. 2.

|| Psalm lxxiii. 25, 26.

THE
TRIUMPH OF RELIGION
OVER
DEATH AND THE GRAVE;
OR, AN
INTERESTING ADDRESS
TO THE
SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF MORTALITY.



Religion makes the dying Christian sing;

Grave, where's thy vict'ry? and where's Death thy sting?

SOLITARY WALKS.



FELLOW MORTALS,

THOSE bodies on which ye bestow such a profusion of ornaments, and which ye cherish with such assiduous care, shall ere long be laid, stripped of their sumptuous covering, in the cold and silent grave, and be blended with common dust. The worms shall feed on them, and no memorial

morial of your pristine consequence remain ; your very names shall be forgotten and unknown.——

What, though the lofty plume nods in sable majesty o'er your hearse*, and your relics are committed to the ground with every possible mark of respect ; what, though surviving friends erect the gorgeous sepulchre to your memory, and the expressive marble emulates your appearance so exquisitely, that it seems to breathe ? These are but poor distinctions.—Can these sweeten the long, *long* sleep of death, or preserve your lifeless limbs one moment from decay ? The limbs of the peasant and the beggar shall moulder no faster than your's ; their sleep shall be as sound and tranquil in their unornamented turfy bed, as under the glittering arch of the most superb mausoleum. The same solemn rites shall be administered at their obsequies as at your's ; and your native inconsequence be concisely summed up in these humiliating and emphatic words, *Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.*——

And thou too, Beauty ! consider how miserably all thy boasted triumphs must soon end ! Frequent the silent mansions of the dead, and attend the instructive lectures of the tomb.—What does yonder grave-stone say ? How eloquently, how pathetically does it speak ! It tells thee that it holds the remains of what was lately young and blooming. Ah ! what are they now ? An unlovely mass of putrid earth ! But hark ! the sculptur'd monitor says to thee, or seems to say, “ Prepare for a similar doom ”——

* The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
Which makes poor man's humiliation proud :
Boast of our ruin ! triumph of our dust !

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

And

And must that form, where symmetry and elegance are so conspicuous, be enveloped in an unsightly shroud, and consigned to the ground, to moulder away and perish? Must that velvet cheek, which outblushes the morning rose, fade like that rose, and be shrivelled up into deformity; and that dewy lip which breathes nothing but sweetness, putrefy and become loathsome? Must the radiance of those eyes, which sparkle with intelligence and vivacity; which dart life and joy wherever they shine, be extinguished by the hand of death? Ah, mournful spectacle! ghastly metamorphosis! That frame so fair, so justly admired, whose every motion is activity and grace, shall be converted into an unconscious lump of clay, and become a hapless prey to devouring reptiles! O death! how dost thou insult the vaunted, but visionary accomplishments of human nature! —————

The entrance of the vale of death wears a melancholy and dismal aspect at first sight. But however gloomy it appears; it is in thy power, O Religion! to alter and enliven the dreary scene. Whatever shades and darkness hang over it, thou canst effectually dispel them all, and open beyond it, ten thousand dazzling prospects; far superior to those beauties, which exist in the luxuriant imagination of the most visionary and animated fabulist! At thy appearance every horror vanishes in a moment, and the wide unbounded prospect is all delightful and serene. The king of terrors drops his envenomed shaft, and, with benignant smiles, points upwards to the regions of eternal day*.

Were

* Thy force alone, Religion! death disarms,
Breaks all its darts, and every viper charms;

Softened

Were the votary of riches and ambition (those fascinating idols) but once made conscious of the more refined, the far superior pleasures which attend on thy dominion over the heart; would he then lavish his incense at their unhallowed shrines? Ah, no! Thou wouldst become the sole object of his daily homage. With what rapture would he contemplate thy celestial charms! with what enthusiastic sincerity confess thy power! His desires, his thoughts would all concentrate in thee alone, and he be unalterably thine for ever.

Under thy influence, the soul of the good man, even when he is on the brink of the grave, makes towering excursions through those celestial worlds on high, where pleasure triumphs without end, and joys are showered on joys in inexhaustible profusion.—'Tis thine, with more than human force, to support his departing spirit in the tremendous struggle, and sooth the last agonies of dissolving nature.—Though the dust is quickly to mingle with congenial dust, he is far from being dismayed or dejected; for he knows that he shall be soon admitted into the general assembly of just men made perfect*; and enjoy, without interruption, with the glorified inhabitants of the realms above, perennial bliss.

Well therefore might a late eminent writer say,

Religion's all - - - - - **DR. YOUNG.**

Softened by thee, the grisly form appears,
No more the horrid object of our fears;
We undismay'd the awful power obey,
Which guides us thro' the safe but gloomy way,
That leads to life, and to that blest abode,
Where saints enjoy, what here they own'd,—a God.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

* 2 Cor. v. 1.

REMARKABLE EPITAPHS,
ELEGIES AND INSCRIPTIONS,
IN PROSE AND VERSE;
MORAL, ENTERTAINING, AND INSTRUCTIVE.
WITH OCCASIONAL
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



By THE AUTHOR OF SOLITARY WALKS, &c.



Wait the great teacher DEATH. - - - POPE.

How blest the man ! who sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves)
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk
Amidst death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray ;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit the vaults, and dwell among the tombs.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

REMARKABLE EPITAPHS

ELEGIES AND INSCRIPTIONS

IN PROSE AND VERSE

MOORE, ESTHER, AND OTHERS

BY THE AUTHOR

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY THE AUTHOR

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

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P R E F A C E.

HOW far Epitaphs, Elegies, and Inscriptions on the dead, may be rendered useful and instructive to the living, when dictated by piety, truth, and good sense; estranged to *flattery*, and not the mere effusions of epigrammatick *wit*; (as too many are) the following Extract from a late eminent writer may determine.

ON MONUMENTAL EPITAPHS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

“ However desirable fame may be to the
“ living, it is certainly no advantage to the
“ dead, whatever dangers they have met
“ with, whatever toils they have undergone, or
“ whatever difficulties they have surmounted;
“ the grave is deaf to the voice of applause,
“ and the dust of the noble and vulgar, sleep
“ in the same obscurity together.

" 'Tis possible the conscious spirit may have
 " an idea of the honour that is paid to his
 " ashes ; but it is much more probable, that
 " the prospect of this imaginary glory, while
 " he lived among us, was all the pleasure it
 " ever could afford him. I make this
 " observation, because most monuments are
 " said to be erected as an honour to the
 " dead, and the living are supposed to be the
 " least concerned in them : but one man's
 " fame is made the foundation of another's,
 " in the same manner with the gentleman's,
 " who ordered this sentence to be made his
 " epitaph ; HERE LIES SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S
 " FRIEND. ———

" Some there are that mention only the
 " names of the persons whose dust they
 " cover, and preserve a noble silence with
 " regard to the hand that raised them ; but
 " even here, the dead can receive no benefit
 " from such disinterested affection ; but the
 " living may profit much by so noble an
 " example. Another thing that displeases
 " me is the matter of the inscriptions,
 " which frequently mistakes the very design
 " of engraving them, and as frequently gives
 " the

“ the lie to themselves. To pore one’s self
 “ blind in gueſſing out *Æterna Memoria ſa-*
 “ *cram*, is a jeſt, that would make Heraclitus
 “ laugh ; and yet moſt of them begin in that
 “ pompous taſte, without the leaſt reflection
 “ that braſs and marble can’t preſerve them
 “ from the tooth of Time ; and if men’s
 “ actions have not guarded their reputations,
 “ the proudeſt monument would flatter but
 “ in vain*.

“ Sepulchral monuments ſhould be always
 “ conſidered as the laſt public tribute paid
 “ to diſtinguiſhed virtue ; as a proof of our
 “ regard for noble characters, and moſt
 “ particularly, as an excitement to others to
 “ emulate the great examples they hold out.

“ It is certain there is not a nobler and
 “ more inſtructive amuſement, than a walk
 “ in *Weſtminſter Abbey*, among the tombs of
 “ heroes, patriots, poets, and philoſophers ;
 “ we are ſurrounded with the ſhades of our
 “ great forefathers ; we feel the influence of

* Well does a late eminent writer ſay,
 Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids,
 Her monuments ſhall laſt when *Ægypt*’s fall.

DR. YOUNG.

“ their

“ their venerable society, and grow fond of
 “ fame and virtue in the contemplation :
 “ it is the finest school of morality, and the
 “ most beautiful flatterer of imagination in
 “ nature. I appeal to any man’s mind that
 “ has a taste for what is sublime and noble,
 “ for a witness to the pleasure he experiences
 “ on this occasion.

“ For my own part, I must own I have
 “ spent many an hour of *pleasing melancholy*
 “ within its ancient walls ; and have been
 “ more delighted with the solemn conversation
 “ of the dead, than the most sprightly sallies
 “ of the living. I have examined the
 “ characters that were inscribed before me,
 “ and distinguished every particular virtue.
 “ The monuments of real fame, I have
 “ viewed with real respect ; but the piles that
 “ wanted a character to excuse them, I
 “ considered only as the monuments of folly.

“ I have often wandered with pleasure into
 “ the most gloomy recesses of this last resort of
 “ human grandeur ; to contemplate the vanity
 “ of life, and trace mankind through all the
 “ wilderness of their frailties and misfortunes,
 “ from their cradles to the grave. I have
 “ reflected

“ reflected on the shortness of our duration
 “ here, and that I was but one of the millions
 “ who had been employed in the same
 “ manner, in ruminating on the trophies
 “ of mortality before me ; that I myself must
 “ ere long moulder into dust in the same
 “ manner, and quit the scene to a new ge-
 “ neration, without leaving the shadow of my
 “ existence behind me ; that this venerable
 “ fabric, this sacred repository of fame and
 “ grandeur, would only be the stage for the
 “ same performances ; would receive new
 “ accessions of noble dust ; would be adorned
 “ with other sepulchres of cost and mag-
 “ nificence ; would be crouded with successive
 “ admirers : and at last, by the unavoidable
 “ decays of time, bury the whole collection
 “ of antiquities in general obscurity, and be
 “ the monument of its own destruction.”

ADDISON.



THE ORIGIN OF EPITAPHS.

THE origin of Epitaphs, proceeded from
 the presage, or sense of immortality, natu-
 rally implanted in the minds of men ; their
 invention

invention is attributed to the scholars of Linus, the Theban poet, who flourished about the 2700th year of the world; and, being unhappily slain, his scholars lamented the loss of their master in a particular kind of mournful verses, called, from him, ALINUM, and afterwards EPITAPHIA; because they were sung at Burials, and engraved upon sepulchres, which may be called *Monuments, à memoria*, as they were memorials to put men in mind of the instability of human nature, and the loss of their departed friends; as also to excite their meditation, by the ideas of death, to a reformation of life.—

These monuments were held so sacred, that such as violated them were punished with death, banishment, condemnation to the mines, or loss of members; according to the circumstances of fact, or person.—

The Lacedemonians allowed the honour of Epitaphs, to those men only, who died bravely in battle, and to women who were remarkable for their chastity. The Romans erected monuments to some illustrious persons while they were alive; and preserved them with a sacred veneration after they were dead. G. W.

REMARKABLE

REMARKABLE EPITAPHS,
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor having seen many Epitaphs upon tombstones in different church-yards, some of which were shamefully ridiculous and absurd; thought it would not be either a useless or unacceptable task, to select a number of such, as appeared to him *applicable, pertinent*, and worthy to be remembered. The following collection, taken from various burial grounds, both in town and country, he therefore, with all due submission, offers to the public, as truly deserving their notice and regard.



On the Tomb-stone of a GLUTTON.

AT length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er,
I've eat sufficient, and I'll drink no more;

H

My

My night is come, I've spent a jovial day,
 'Tis time to part, but oh—what is to pay*!

On a BUTCHER.

BY this inscription be it understood,
 My occupation was in shedding blood ;
 But now I rest from sin and sorrow free,
 Thro' Christ, my Lord, who shed his blood for me.

On the Tomb-stone of a CHARITABLE MAN.

BLEST is the man whose bosom glows,
 With pity for another's woes ;
 Who views with sympathetic eyes,
 The poor man's tears, the wretches cries ;
 Who cheers the heart oppress'd with woe,
 Him God will greater mercy show †.

On a CHILD under Six Years of Age.

HERE lies the dust of once a charming flower,
 That promis'd sweets, but withered in an hour.

* The question asked, or the reflection implied here, evidently refers to the punishment justly due to sinners of every kind, who live and die thoughtless, and unconcerned about the awful reckoning, the Judge of quick and dead will have with them at the last great day, when every one shall receive according to the deeds done in the body, whether good or evil.

† Matt. v. 7.

Children, presume not on a length of days *,
 But learn to live betimes your Maker's praise,
 Parents, be wean'd from all created things,
 That heav'n-born faith more free may stretch her
 wings.

*On a YOUNG WOMAN, aged Twenty, near Spitalfields,
 London.*

HERE mould'ring lies within this bed of dust,
 A virgin pure, not stain'd with carnal lust;
 Such grace the King of kings bestow'd upon her,
 That now she lives with him a maid of honour.
 Her life was short, her thread was quickly spun,
 Drawn out, cut off, got heav'n, her work was done.
 This world to her was but a tragic play,
 She came and look'd; dislik'd, and went away.*

On an Amiable YOUNG GENTLEMAN of large Fortune.

CAN wealth or beauty stay the fleeting soul?
 Can they recall the animating breath?
 Can fond parental care one pain controul?
 Or turn aside the chilling hand of death?
 Ah! no, the ruthless victor proudly spurns,
 Each claim to birth, to fortune, or to fame;

* The old *must* die, but let not youth delay,
 T' improve the present time, for younger *may*.
Mors omni ætati communis est.

The *young*, the *fair*, the *virtuous*, all by turns,
 Confess his pow'r, and tremble at his name *.

On a beautiful YOUNG LADY aged Nineteen, in the Church-
 yard at Brighton.

UNPIERC'D by any dart but death,
 I quick resigned my fleeting breath ;
 My roses wither'd ere 'twas noon,
 Alas ! why blown to fade so soon ?
 Tell, angels tell, for angels know,
 Why such transitions here below !
 Is it that mortals passing by,
 May learn to live before they die ?
 Ye virgin's learn from hence your fate,
 How frail is all your blooming state ;
 Your beauty soon must fade away ;
 But *virt'ous* charms will ne'er decay †.

* Death being an enemy to nature, cannot but excite fear and terror in the human breast ; the *best* of men sometimes are permitted, through this fear, to be a great part of their life time subject to bondage ; but when faith in Christ is in act and exercise, they will be enabled to rejoice even in the views of it, and say with the Apostle Paul, *Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ*, 1 Cor. xv. 57.

† Death soon or late will close the brightest eyes,
 But heav'n-born virtue never, *never* dies.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

On a YOUNG CLERGYMAN, in London.

STRANGER should'st thou approach this awful
 The merits of the honour'd dead to seek; [shrine,
 The friend, the son, the Christian, the divine,
 Let those who knew him, those who lov'd him, speak.
 O let them in some pause of anguish, say
 What zeal inspir'd, what faith enlarg'd his breast,
 How soon th' unfetter'd spirit wing'd its way,
 From earth to heav'n, from blessing, to be blest.

*On a YOUNG MARRIED LADY, aged Twenty-six, in
Bristol.*

FAIR was her form, more fair her gentle mind,
 Where virtue, sense, and piety combin'd;
 To wedded love gave friendship's highest zest,
 Endear'd the wife, and made the husband blest.
 Now widow'd grief erects this sacred stone,
 To make her virtues and his sorrow known.
 Reader, if thine's the sympathetic tear,
 O stop, and drop the tender tribute here,

*On an AMIABLE YOUTH, supposed to be written by his
Parents, in Kent.*

AS such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,
 Gave all the tribute mortals could afford;
 Perhaps we gave so much, the pow'rs above,
 Grew angry at our superstitious love;

For

For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cause is justly snatch'd away *.

An EPITAPH, in a Church-yard in Kent.

HOW awful is the scene while here I tread !
These venerable mansions of the dead ;
Time was, these ashes liv'd, and time shall be,
When others thus shall stand and gaze on me.
Awake then, O my soul, true wisdom learn,
Nor till to-morrow the great work adjourn †.

*An ELEGIAC INSCRIPTION in Birchinton Church-yard,
near Margate.*

OUR Saviour cries, ye dead arise,
And unto judgment come.
No sooner said than 'tis obey'd,
All must receive their doom ‡.

* Whatever we make an idol of, or place our affections most upon, in the *present* state, is most likely to be taken from us ; God will have no rival in the human heart ; he will have all or none ; therefore he says in his word to you, to me, to all, *My son give me thy heart.* Prov. xxiii. 26. Deut. x. 12. Well does a late eminent Poet sing, in the name of every true Christian,

Take our poor hearts and let them be,
For ever clos'd to all but thee ;
Seal thou our breasts and let us wear,
That pledge of love for ever there.

DR. WATTS.

† Delays are dangerous. Heb. iv. 7. Eccles. ix. 10.

‡ John v. 28, 29.

An

An EPITAPH, supposed to be written by WEEPING ORPHANS over the Grave of their dear PARENTS, in a Church-yard in Kent.

WHILE o'er the tomb of parents truly dear,
Lamenting children drop the filial tear ;
A stone, a verse, oh honour'd pair receive,
As the last tribute gratitude can give :
To such dear saints we'll bid a kind adieu,
And hope to share your blissful heav'n with you.

On a PIOUS YOUNG MAN, aged Twenty-five, in Kent.

NO path that leads to happiness is hard,
Short the fatigue, eternal the reward ;
Few are our pleasures here, and short our stay *.
Happy, if *well* we pass our time away.

On a YOUNG MAN'S Tomb-stone in Hampstead Church-yard.

READER, whoever thou art, let the sight of this stone
imprint on thy mind, that *young and old*, without distinction,
leave this world ; therefore fail not to secure the *next*.
Prepare to meet thy God in judgment.

* Job xiv. 1, 2.

On a YOUNG MAN, aged Thirty-four, in Margate Church-yard.

THROUGHOUT his whole life he was preserved from the evil of the world, and during the last fourteen years, experienced a true conversion. In his latest moments he gave a clear testimony of knowing his sins forgiven, of feeling peace with God, and of being assured of eternal life *.

On a YOUNG MAN's Tomb, in the Church-yard at Brighton.

THINK, Reader, think how soon you must
Return again to native dust;
Saints, death may wound, but never can destroy,
Their house of weeping proves a house of joy †

On an INFANT, in Margate Church-yard.

THO' infant years no pompous honours claim,
The vain parade of monumental fame;
To better praise the last great day shall rear,
The spotless innocence that slumbers here.

* Assurance of salvation, though very desirable, is enjoyed but by few of God's people; however, no one who really desires, and endeavours, through Divine assistance, to live soberly, righteously, and Godly in the world, relying alone on Christ's merits for pardon and acceptance with God, need to despair. John vi. 37.

† Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6.

*On a YOUNG MAN in Margate Church-yard, aged Twenty-
two.*

WHEN blooming youth and beauty is most brave,
Death plucks us up and plants us in the grave.
Take care young folks your precious time to spend,
In living mindful of your latter end.

On an OLD MAN in ditto, aged Eighty-eight.

FAREWELL, vain world, I've had enough of thee,
And now am careless what thou say'st of me;
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,
My cares are past, my head lies quiet here.
What faults you found in me take care to shun,
And look at *home*, enough there's to be done*.

On a WOMAN who had been Bed-ridden several Years.

AFFLICTION fore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain;
Till God did please to give me ease,
And free me from my pain†.

* Persons in general may always find enough to do in regulating their *own* conduct, without finding fault with their neighbours.

† Means are doubtless to be made use of to heal diseases and remove pain, but without the blessing of God, they will ever prove ineffectual; therefore, under all disorders and afflictions, we must look up to, and depend alone upon the *God* of the means, and not trust wholly in the *means* for health and cure.

On the Death of Mr. RICHARD WEST, by Mr. GRAY.

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
 And redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire :
 The birds in vain their am'rous descant join,
 Or chearful fields resume their green attire :
 These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,
 A different object do these eyes require.
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
 And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to chear,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men :
 The fields, to all their wonted tribute bear :
 To warm their little loves the birds complain.
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
 And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

On ROBIN, late Huntsman to the Leiceſter Hunt.

IF field diverſions, reader, thou doſt prize,
 Revere this ſod, where honeſt Robin lies ;
 Oft with the cry of hounds, and chearful horn,
 The Lark preventing, he has hail'd the morn.
 His eye ſagacious was the firſt to find,
 When loud tan-ta-ra ſwell'd the liſt'ning wind !
 Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor gate of fearful height ;
 Could Robin's dauntleſs ſpirit e'er affright.
 In private life, an active part he play'd,
 By chearful manners giving virtue aid.
 Whoe'er thou art, on ſuch a life reflect,
 Go hence—and imitate—and gain reſpect !

In St. John the Baptist's Church at Margate; on an INDUSTRIOUS TRADESMAN.

The sculptur'd stones that throng the sacred wall,
 Elab'rate tributes of sepulchral fame !
 Our fleeting homage commonly recall
 To wealth, to wit, to pow'r, or to a name.
 This humbler tablet from oblivion's end
 Would raise one trophy on a simpler plan,
 To the kind husband, and the faithful friend,
 The careful parent, and the honest man.
 Thro' many years of unremitted toil,
 In other's service he maintain'd his own ;
 He saw a decent num'rous offspring smile,
 And often heard the poor man's benison *.
 Known by the ends of being to have been,
 This tale so brief shall well record his praise,
 If, pausing here upon life's shifting scene,
 One reader imitates his well-spent days :
 Then, at his death, the tear, (the moral giv'n)
 Tho' dropt on earth, shall be exhal'd to heaven.

On a YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

ALL cold, beneath this narrow heap,
 The earthly charms of Mary sleep,
 And here the ties of virtue end,
 The tender mother, wife, and friend.

* Blessing.

For her each gentle bosom grieves ;
 'Tis not the turf alone that heaves :
 Pity and love her loss deplore,
 Their fav'rite child can fall no more.

And see the woodbine loves to stray
 Around the sod that clasps her clay ;
 The primrose with the violet vies,
 To deck the grave where beauty lies.

Here melancholy, lonely maid !
 Shall oft the live-long night be laid ;
 And when the morning light appears,
 Revive the verdure—with her tears.

*Written extempore over the Grave of a TENDER FA-
 THER, aged thirty-nine, by his SON.*

STOPP'D by that power whom mortals ever fear,
 From earthly scenes awhile to moulder here,
 Lies the pale corpse of one we good may call,
 Who many knew, and was rever'd by all.
 Yet ere his breath had forty years been giv'n,
 Death bore him hence (he was prepar'd for heaven) ;
 His life was happy, as his deeds were just,
 Few were his errors, let them sleep in dust ;
 And when the time allotted me is run,
 May equal virtues sink e'en with—his son.

On the Death of the Rev. DAVID WILLIAMS, a worthy Minister of a Dissenting Congregation in Wales.

VAIN are our tears, and fruitless all our sighs,
Cold in his grave the rev'rend pastor lies.
Mute is that tongue, whence heav'n-taught
doctrine flowed:

Still is that heart, where goodness ever glow'd.
His hand no more the pious priest extends
With ardent grasp to welcome his lov'd friends.
But, ah! for ever from our sight convey'd,
With mould'ring dust his lifeless corpse is laid.
Near *four score* years a Godly race he ran,
Just servant of his Lord, true friend to man:
With steady step through virtue's path he trod,
Nor e'er by wilful sin offended God*.
His piety and faith thus fully prov'd,
His Saviour saw; and now from earth remov'd,
'Midst Saints he sits in happy realms above,
And chaunts his Maker's praise in songs of love.

*An EPIGRAPH, by Dr. LOWTH, late Bishop of London,
on a Monument in the Church of Cudeston, Oxfordshire, to
the Memory of his DAUGHTER, translated from the Latin.*

DEAR as thou didst in modest worth excell,
More dear than in a daughter's name—farewell!
Farewell, dear Mary—but the hour is nigh
When, if I'm worthy, we shall meet on high:
Then shall I say, triumphant from the tomb,
Come to thy father's arms, dear Mary, come!

* This is, in the Editor's humble opinion, saying too much of any man, let him be as good as he may, while in this frail imperfect state.

Another

Another Translation of the same EPITAPH.

DAUGHTER, farewell! farewell, my dear Maria!
 With talents, virtue, modesty adorn'd;
 By manners more endear'd than filial name.
 A happier time will come; when I again,
 If worthy found, shall dear Maria view.
 Then shall I say, with joyful voice, return,
 Return, Maria, to thy father's arms!

*On a YOUNG MAN who died for Love; after the Man-
 ner of GRAY; by the late Dr. DODDRIDGE.*

HERE rests secure, within this narrow cell,
 A youth, to pain and disappointment known;
 Pride mock'd his birth, and envy smil'd to tell
 The hour when sorrow mark'd him for her own.
 Fix'd on *one* object was his soul sincere;
 But heav'n the recompense of love deny'd.
 Long hov'ring o'er th' extremes of hope and fear,
 Oppress'd by fate, he sunk, despair'd, and dy'd!
 No farther seek his mis'ries to disclose,
 Nor let pale envy trample on his tomb.
 Here let his hapless head enjoy repose,
 And leave to mercy and to God, his doom.

On a TENDER WIFE, by Mr. GRAY.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
 A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps:

A heart

A heart within whose sacred cell
 The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
 Affection warm, and faith sincere,
 And soft humanity were there.
 In agony, in death resigned,
 She felt the wound she left behind.
 Her infant image, here below,
 Sits smiling on a father's woe:
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
 Along this lonely vale of days?
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
 A sigh; an unavailing tear;
 'Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
 With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

*An EPITAPH, in St. Peter's Church-yard, near Margate,
 in Kent.*

WHY do we thus lament, why thus complain?
 Since all who live to Christ, to die is *gain*;
 Flesh views the grave, and mourns the mould'ring clay,
 But faith directs her eye to realms of endless day.

*Inscription over the Remains of MARTHA, Wife of the Rev.
 Mr. V —, aged Twenty-two years.*

HERE youth and beauty sleep, in Death's embrace,
 Untimely stript of each attractive grace;
 Once the fair tenants of the noblest heart,
 Meek without meanness, generous without art,

Tho'

Tho' mirth and joy around it seem'd to play,
 Admir'd and courted by the young and gay,
 In modest silence would its bounties flow,
 The friend, by stealth, of indigence and woe.
 A virtuous youth that heart to conquer strove,
 That heart was yielded to the call of love.
 One pledge of mutual bliss kind heav'n bestow'd,
 Her gentle breast within the mother glow'd;
 For her, the child lov'd, she pray'd in death,
 Her name still hov'ring on her parting breath.
 Hither, where all the virtues mourn, repair,
 Ye fathers, blest with daughters sweet and fair;
 These from the world's alluring arts to save,
 O point th' instructive lesson at her grave;
 Bid them be Martha through each scene of life,
 Like her, the tender mother, friend and wife.

On a FEMALE SERVANT, aged Twenty-two.

YE rich and great, who bribe the poet's lays,
 To deck the sculptur'd tomb with fulsome praise;
 Who cause sublime the pompous line to flow,
 For fancy'd virtue, and for fancy'd woe:
 Dare not to scoff at this unpolish'd stone,
 (Rough as the honest verse that's grav'd thereon)
 Which makes the humble spot, where real worth,
 Now yields her poor remains to mother earth.
 One—who at early age was cruel hurl'd,
 A needy orphan, on th' unfeeling world;
 Where, avaricious man, unapt to feel,
 Withheld, till *hardly* earn'd, her daily meal;

And

And where, confinement, foe to health and ease,
 To painful labour, added sharp disease,
 Till death at length procur'd her sweet release. }

On an INFANT, aged three Years and six Months.

CUT down by death's dread sickle, here lies low,
 A flower, than which, a sweeter did now blow;
 This mournful grave conceals the earthly cold,
 The spirit blooms in the Paradise of God;
 Boast, cruel death ! but know, short is thy reign,
 Thou in thy turn shalt fall*—he rise again.

On Mrs. MASON, by Mr. MASON; in Bristol Cathedral.

TAKE, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear,
 Take the best gift which heav'n so lately gave.
 To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
 Her faded form: she bow'd to taste the wave,
 And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line ?
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm ?
 Speak, dead Maria, breathe a strain divine,
 E'en from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee ;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move ;
 And if so fair, from vanity as free,
 As fond in friendship, and as firm in love.

* *The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death, 1 Cor. xv. 26.*

Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
 ('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
 Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
 And bids "the pure in heart behold their God*."

On the Death of Mrs. HAWKESWORTH; by her Hus-
 BAND.

WHOE'ER, like me, with boding anguish brings,
 His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs;
 Whoe'er, like me, to soothe disease and pain
 Shall pour these salutary streams in vain;
 Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
 To mark the flushing cheek, the sinking eye,
 From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
 And watch with dumb despair each short'ning breath;
 If chance direct him to this artless line,
 Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.
 Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
 Whose beauty warm'd me, and whose virtue blest;
 Form'd every tie that binds the soul to prove
 Her duty, friendship, and that friendship love.
 But yet, rememb'ring that the parting sigh
 Ordain'd the just to *slumber*—not to *die* †;
 The falling tear I check'd, I kiss'd the rod,
 And not to *earth* resigned her—but to God.

On a religious YOUNG WOMAN, aged Twenty-one.

TO death a pious, patient prey she fell,
 O Reader! may you live and die as well.

* Matt. v. 8.

† 1 Theff. iv. 14.

*On an eminent DISSENTING MINISTER, who died in
the Sixty-ninth Year of his Age.*

NEAR half an age*, with every good man's praise
Among his flock the shepherd spent his days;
The friend and patron of the sick and poor,
Want never knock'd unheeded at his door.
Oft when his duty call'd, disease and pain,
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain.
All mourn his death whose virtues long they try'd;
They knew not how they lov'd him till he dy'd;
Peculiar blessings did his life attend,
God was his guide, and Jesus was his friend;
With whom (blest faint!) he now is gone to reign,
Christ was his life, and death his endless gain.

*On a pious LADY's Monument, in Bristol; by a Weeping
Friend.*

BENEATH this marble rests the mortal part,
Of her who once delighted every heart;
How good she was, and what her virtues were,
Let weeping relatives and friends declare.
The heart that now this little tribute pays,
Too exquisitely feels to speak her praise;
Yet would'it thou know the pious life she spent,
How many from her hands receiv'd content!

* He was ordained a Pastor over a Congregation in London, in the
TWENTY-SECOND year of his age.

How many breasts that poverty had chill'd,
 Her charity with peace, and rapture fill'd;
 The village nigh shall gratify thine ears,
 And tell thee, some with *words*, but most with *tears*.

On an EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

*The Virtues of his Life were too numerous to be contained in
 an EPITAPH.*

Let it suffice to observe,
 That in his character were comprehended,
 Pure morality, untainted by superstition;
 An ineffable sweetness of temper,
 which sickness and death could not discompose;
 The excellencies which flow'd from a good heart,
 and a sound understanding;
 With the peculiar graces of genius and learning,
 And every social virtue,
 in the highest degree of perfection.
 He lived an ornament to religion,
 an honor to his country:
 And departed this life,
 when he had attained the age of *fifty* years,
 To the inexpressible sorrow of his family,
 his friends,
 and a numerous train of mourners,
 The objects of his charity, benevolence, and esteem.

A remark.

A remarkable EPITAPH, in a Country Church-yard.

PASSENGER,

Suffer me to inform you

That over these ashes

No tear was ever shed, and that for many years

This turf has wanted a signature;

For a moment let oblivion withhold her exultation.

With sorrow and sincerity,

This plain stone is inscribed (by one whom he
never saw)

To the memory of the Rev. PETER ELKINGTON,
a man

Of great genius, and many virtues;

whose lot it was in *this* world

To live in neglect without comfort,

And to die in solitude without a friend.

Great God, are not these things noted in thy book !

*On a YOUNG LADY's Tomb-stone, in a Church-yard at
Bristol.*

WHEN sorrow weeps o'er virtue's sacred dust,

Our tears become us, and our grief is just,

On a promising YOUTH, Fifteen Years of age.

WHEN age, all patient, and without regret,

Lies down in peace, and pays the gen'ral debt,

'Tis weakness most unmanly, to deplore

The death of those who relish life no more.

But

But when fair youth, that ev'ry promise gave,
Sheds his sweet blossom in the blasting grave,
All eyes o'erflow with many a streaming tear,
And each sad bosom heaves the sigh sincere.

On a religious YOUNG MAN, Twenty-four Years of age.

UNPITYING death, and the destroyer time,
Here fix'd my period, 'ere I reach'd my prime;
But in my God I trust (who dy'd to save)
To rise triumphant o'er them and the grave;
For you, oh, reader! ev'ry earthly bliss,
Remember, closes in a scene like this;
Scorn then the shadows, which so soon depart,
And to eternal pleasures raise your heart.

On EPICETUS, an eminent PHILOSOPHER's Tomb-stone.

THO' base my body, slavery tho' my lot,
Poor and a beggar, heav'n despis'd me not.

On the Tomb of an eminent MUSICIAN and PAINTER.

OH born in liberal studies to excel,
Thou friendly, candid, virtuous mind, farewell!
To speak thy praise, all eloquence is faint,
Except the style's expressive as thy paint:
Unless th' enliven'd numbers sweetly flow,
As when thy music made the soul to glow;

Unless

Unless the muses polish every line,
 And draw the good man with a warmth divine;
 Serenely pious, with the gentlest mind;
 Thro' life contented, and in death resign'd *.

*On a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged Twenty-seven, whose
 Death was occasioned by a broken Leg. Written by a
 Friend.*

READER, approach this urn—thou need'st not fear,
 Th' extorted promise of one plaintive tear;
 To mourn a youthful friend, from whom thou'lt learn
 More than a Plato taught—the grand concern
 Of mortals! come, with serious thought survey
 This little tenement of mould'ring clay,
 And know thy end —————

Tho' young, tho' gay, this scene of death explore,
 The young, the gay, alas! is now no more;
 A fracture of his leg, ah! hapless doom,
 Confin'd his body early to the tomb.

While fainter merit asks the powers of verse,
 Few words, but *faithful*, shall his worth rehearse;
 (The man whose reputation had no taint,
 Transcends the poet's praise, the limner's paint;)
 In action prudent, and in word sincere,
 In friendship faithful, and in honour clear:
 Thro' life's vain scenes the same in ev'ry part,
 A steady judgment, and an honest heart;

* Happy the man! who believing on the Son of God, can look death
 in the face, with an inward complacency and resignation, assured that
 death to him will be eternal gain.

He

He vaunts no honours, all his pride, a mind,
As infants guiltless, and as angels kind.

On a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged Twenty-three.

PEACE; once accomplish'd youth; once blooming
flower,
Cut down by death in an untimely hour;
Soft be thy kind retreat, the dusty bed,
Where worth like thine reclines her weary head.
Snatch'd by heav'n's great decree (in friendship's sight)
From doing good on earth, thy chief delight,
Thy soul now soars among the saints above,
In full enjoyment of a Saviour's love.

Dear youth, farewell! nor let a parent's grief,
Or sister's tears despair of heaven's relief;
But wait that solemn day, which shall restore,
And prove your son not lost, but gone before.

*On a YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE, in the Abbey Church,
at Bristol.*

IF truth and innocence deserve a tear,
Stop gentle passenger and drop it here;
Here sweetly sleeps a pair snatch'd soon from life,
A pattern fair for man, for maid, for wife;
May weeping friends that shall approach this grave,
'Those virtues imitate, tears could not save.

On

On a Tomb-stone in Clifton Church-yard, near Bristol.

OH man ! be mindful of thy latter end,
 So live, that dying, *Christ* may be thy friend ;
 Grow forth in Gospel grace, as well as years,
 Then welcome death whenever it appears.

On a late eminent POET, who died of a Putrid Fever, aged
 Forty-seven.*

'TIS done, 'tis done—the iron hand of pain,
 With ruthless fury and corrosive force,
 Racks ev'ry joint, and seizes every vein ;
 He sinks, he groans, he falls a lifeless corse.
 Thus fades the flow'r, nipp'd by the frozen gale,
 Tho' once so sweet, so lovely to the eye ;
 Thus the tall oaks, when boist'rous storms assail,
 Torn from the earth, a mighty ruin lie.
 Ye sacred fountains of the plaintive verse,
 Now let the stream of fond affection flow ;
 O pay your tribute o'er the slow-drawn hearse,
 With all the manly dignity of woe.
 Oft when the curfew tolls its parting knell,
 With solemn pause yon church-yard's gloom survey,
 While sorrow's sighs, and tears of pity tell,
 How dearest friends on every side decay.

* Mr. Gray, author of the celebrated *elegy in a country church-yard*

On viewing the Grave of the Rev. Mr. ECCLES, who lost his Life, in endeavouring to save a drowning Youth, in the River Avon.

HERE worth exalted, undistinguish'd lies ;

No weeping cherubs claim one grateful tear ;

Yet fame shall found his plaudit in the skies,

While list'ning angels all attentive hear.

True worth, alone, his monument shall prove ;

No marble need be rear'd, his praise to tell ;

Yet 'twere but just, that those who felt his love

Should pay some tribute to his god-like zeal.

Shall proud ambition sleep beneath the tomb

Of pomp and state, to catch the public eye ;

While a rude grave alone shall prove his doom,

Who fell a victim to humanity ?

Forbid it, ev'ry virtue of the soul !

Forbid it, Justice, from thy sacred throne !

Let some inscription, form'd to speak the whole,

Proclaim his merit, on some humble stone.

And that necessity may prove no plea,

Accept these lines, tho' homely, yet sincere ;

For ah ! did each spectator feel like me,

Not one would quit his grave without a tear !

E P I T A P H.

Beneath this stone the *Man of Feeling* * lies ;

Humanity had mark'd him for her own ;

His virtue rais'd him to his native skies,

Ere half his merit to the world was known.

* He was the Author of a beautiful novel of that name.

In health, and full-blown prime, he nobly dy'd;
 To save a drowning youth, he dar'd the wave;
 But, ere his throbbing bosom well had sigh'd,
 Th' obdurate Avon prov'd their mutual grave.

O'er his remains, oh ! drop one grateful tear;
 For, far from kindred *, and from friends, he lies !
 No parent strew'd his solitary bier;
 No kind relation weeping clos'd his eyes.

A FINE CHARACTER, *truly worthy imitation.*

At H in Shropshire died, J. Melmont, a man of strict honour and probity, and of a truly amiable disposition. Though qualified to shine in the senate, he reduced his mind to enjoy the comforts of a *private* station. Here he exercised the virtues of an universal philanthropy. He clothed the naked; he fed the poor; he found employ for the industrious, and subscribed liberally towards their relief. Amongst his neighbours he mixed with great affability and gentleness of manners. In short, he was the gentleman, the man of taste, and, what is best of all, the good *Christian*†.

In his house he maintained the rules of order and regularity; in his church, of which he was the patron, was exhibited a striking proof of this regularity of conduct, by the general attendance of all his domestics.

His private charities were liberal and extensive; and his having bequeathed considerable legacies to the neighbouring and other parishes, shew him not unmindful of

* Mr. Eccles's friends lived in Ireland.

† A Christian is the highest style of man. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

them in his latest moments. In him the accomplishments of a finished gentleman were added to the amiable virtues of an affectionate husband, a tender parent, a sincere friend, and an indulgent master. Society must feel the loss of so rare and exemplary a character, who, as he inherited such virtues, died universally beloved, revered, lamented ; and *most* by those who knew him *best*.

His EPITAPH.

Oh ! Melmont, while to brighter realms you soar,
 (The anxious cares of life for ever o'er)
 Cast down one look, and see around thy bier
 What crowds attendant pour the heartfelt tear !
 What tides of sorrow in one blended stream,
 Rolls o'er thy mem'ry, and embalms thy name !
 Can this be bitter ? No ; 'tis life, 'tis gain ;
 And all that's sad is the *survivor's* pain.
 For, O ! thy virtues form'd the finish'd plan,
 Of all that's good, that's dignified in man.
 The husband, parent, and unshaken friend,
 Lose half their charms in thy lamented end ;
 For where's the man can equal worth supply ?
 So much respected live, so honour'd, die ?

On a poor honest MAN, in Nottinghamshire.*

'TIS not the tomb of marble polish'd high,
 The venal verse, or flattering titles nigh ;
 The classic learning, on a sculptur'd stone,
 Where Latin tells what English blush'd to own,
 Shall shroud the guilty from the eye of God,
 Incline his balance, or avert his rod ;

* Would to God poverty never lost sight of honesty.

His

His hand can raise the crippled and the poor,
Laid in the way, or fainting at the door;
And blast the villain, tho' to altars fled,
Who robb'd us, living; and insults us, dead.

*On the MISTRESS of a LADY's Boarding School, aged
twenty-four years, and two days.*

THRICE happy faint! thine earthly warfare's o'er,
And sage instructions thou shalt give more;
Tho' late adorn'd with ev'ry charm of youth,
Thy tongue obedient to the voice of truth;
Grim death has cropt thy blooming youthful charms,
And the cold grave now folds thee in its arms.

How short her life—scarce twice *twelve* years were seen,
Ere death's unerring weapons intervene;
He snatch'd his victim; straight her spirit flies,
To endless realms of bliss beyond the skies.

Ye blooming damsels late her tender care,
Lament your loss, with me your sorrow share;
Tho' vain the hope, the wish for her return,
Bestow one tear upon her sacred urn;
Let your kind sighs with me in concert join,
And add your sympathizing tears to mine.

*On a MINISTER; written by himself, and by his order
engraved on his Tomb-stone.*

E'EN such is time which takes in trust,
Our youth, and joys, and all we have,

And

And pays us but with age and dust;
 Which in the dark and silent grave,
 Shuts up the story of our days;
 And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
 The Lord shall raise me up I trust.

On a pious YOUNG LADY, aged Twenty-two.

STAY, Christian, stay, nor let thy haste profane
 The humble stone that tells thee life is vain;
 Here beauty lies in mould'ring ruins lost,
 A blossom nipt by death's untimely frost:
 Unwarn'd, yet unsurpriz'd, found on her guard,
 A prudent virgin watching for her Lord.
 In early youth she wisely sought her God,
 And the safe path of smiling virtue trod;
 In bloom of beauty, nobly turn'd aside
 The incense flattery offer'd to her pride.

Her front with blushing modesty she bound,
 And on her lips the law of truth was found;
 Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend;
 Belov'd by all, to all the good, a friend:
 The bad she censur'd by her *life* alone,
 Blind to *their* faults, severe upon her *own*;
 In others griefs a tender part she bore,
 And with the needy shar'd her little store:
 At distance saw the world with pious dread,
 And to God's temple for protection fled;
 There sought that peace which heav'n alone can give,
 And learnt to die, ere others learn to live.

Tho'

Tho' clos'd those eyes, by which all hearts were charm'd,
 Tho' every feature of each grace disarm'd;
 Yet think not, that her piety was vain,
 Her soul survives, her virtues still remain;
 O'er vanquish'd death th' immortal faint prevails,
 And op'ning heav'n the blessed spirit hails.

On a YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S Tomb, aged Twenty-six.

YE sons of ease, who spread your sails
 In pleasure's silver stream,
 Believe not the fallacious gales,
 Nor trust the glittering beam.
 But from Alexis learn to prize
 The joys by virtue given;
 These are the raptures of the wise,
 And point the road to heaven.
 These every sorrow will appease,
 And every wish supply;
 And teach the just with equal ease,
 To slumber, or to die.

On a YOUNG WOMAN, aged Nineteen.*

THIS humble grave tho' no proud structures grace,
 Yet truth and candour sanctify the place:
 That blameless virtue, which adorn'd thy bloom,
 Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
 O 'scap'd from life! O safe on that calm shore,
 Where sin, and pain, and sorrow are no more!

* Death takes the young, to warn surviving youth,
 None are too young to die

What

What neither wealth could buy, nor power decree,
 Regard and pity wait sincere on thee ;
 While soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
 And real friendship stands a mourner here.

*On a pious YOUNG LADY, of Beauty and Fortune, aged
 Eighteen.*

IN vain our tears, lamented maid, are shed,
 In vain with sighs we mourn thine early doom ;
 The pangs of woe can never reach the dead,
 Or pierce the silent mansions of the tomb.
 Yet sacred shade, the tributary sigh
 Which friendship pays, as due to thee, receive ;
 While 'tis the lot of worth like yours to die,
 It must be nature's privilege to grieve.
 Thy tender bosom is no longer warm,
 Thy cheeks will glow with blushes now no more
 For death, alas ! has triumph'd o'er a form
 Design'd to conquer all the world before.
 Hence mortals learn this truth by heav'n design'd,
 How frail is life, how short the present state ;
 And know, that all the virtues of the mind,
 Can ne'er exempt us from the stroke of fate * .
 Then while kind heav'n prolongs my fleeting breath,
 Thy bright example let me strive to be ;
 That I with joy may meet the stroke of death,
 And share, blest faint ! eternal bliss with thee.

* Mors vincit omnes.

On an eminent POET, lately deceased.*

SWEET bard farewell ! to each fine feeling true,
 Thy virtues many, and thy vices few ;
Another's woe thy heart could always melt,
 None gave more free, for none more deeply felt.
 Thy generous acts with thy harmonious lays,
 Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise ;
 Yes, these will live to time's remotest day,
 While drops the bust, and marble tombs decay.

Reader, if number'd in the muses' train,
 Go tune the lyre, and imitate his strain ;
 But if no poet, then reverse the plan,
 And in thine actions, imitate the *man*.

*On a private GENTLEMAN, who was accomplished in the
 Sister Arts of MUSIC and PAINTING.*

OH born in liberal studies to excel,
 Thou friendly, candid, virtuous mind, farewell !
 To speak thy praise, all eloquence is faint,
 Except the style's expressive as thy paint ;
 Unless th' enliven'd numbers sweetly flow,
 As when thy music gave the soul to glow ;
 Unless the muses polish every line,
 And draw the good man with a warmth divine,
 Serenely pious, with the gentlest mind,
 Thro' life contented, and in death resign'd.

* Dr. Goldsmith, author of the *Deserted Village*, &c.

On a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged Twenty-one.

HERE lies a youth, (ah wherefore breathless lies!)
 Learn'd, without pride, and diffidently wise;
 Mild to all faults, which from weak nature flow'd,
 Fond of all virtues, wherefo'er bestow'd.
 Who never gave, nor slightly took offence,
 The best good nature, and the best good sense;
 Who living hop'd, and dying felt no fears,
 His only sting of death, a parent's tears.

On a YOUNG LADY, aged Seventeen.

COME not, mortal, here to weep,
 Bend not thus thy pensive brow,
 Free from sorrow I can sleep,
 Trifles can't disturb me now.
 All thy little wants survey,
 Every hope, and every fear,
 Sigh, and turn thy steps away,—
 Happiness abideth here.
 Tho' the dust beneath this sod,
 Virtue, truth, and sense possess;
 In the bosom of its God,
 Only could the spirit rest.
 Sacred angels! guard the tomb,
 Purest spirits hover round;
 'Till the date of nature's doom,
 Shall this spot be hallow'd ground.

LUCY,

LUCY, or an ELEGY on a YOUNG LADY, aged Twenty,
written on a Summer's Evening.

WEEP, lovely virgins, weep,
 Round beauty's clay-cold bed;
 Look here and see what you must be,
 And mourn o'er Lucy dead.

Thou sun about to shed
 The parting ray of light,
 Again shalt rise, but Lucy's eyes
 Are set in endless night.

Come swains and look your last;
 Think how your hopes are flown,
 While here below (ah sight of woe,)
 Lies Lucy, dead and gone.

Yet hope (while thus we wail,)
 On high among the blest,
 Points out a scene of joys serene,
 And everlasting rest*.

Then cease the heaving sigh,
 And wipe the falling tear;
 See Lucy rise above the skies†,
 And shine an angel there.

On a LADY, in Margate Church-yard, in Kent.

IN search of health she wander'd to this place,
 Thinking once more that happiness t' embrace;

* Heb. xi. 10.

† Thy power O death! shall not for ever reign,
 Tho' all must die, yet all shall rise again.

But why should we for length of days contend,
 Since death's so sure his messenger to send ;
 Too soon we cannot then ourselves apply,
 To learn th' important lesson—how to die,

On a Religious YOUNG MAN, at Margate, in Kent.

HE died in faith, what more can words express,
 To soothe the mind, and make our sorrows less ?
 Remov'd from us he treads a brighter sphere,
 And shares the glories he most wish'd for here ;
 That Lord he lov'd and serv'd is now his joy,
 And songs of praises his divine employ.

On a YOUTH, in Clifton Church-yard, near Bristol.

THE struggle's o'er, I have my choice,
 Let none repine whilst I rejoice ;
 On cherub's wings unseen by you,
 My joyful spirit upward flew ;
 And till the last great rising day,
 My Lord will watch my sleeping clay *.

* Agreeable to this Epitaph, sings the late Dr. Watts in one of his hymns,

God my Redeemer lives,
 And ever from the skies ;
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.

*On ALCANDER'S Tomb, an amiable YOUNG GENTLE-
MAN, aged Twenty-six.*

WHEN death remorseless throws his fatal dart,
He wounds a friend, perhaps a lover's heart ;
Commons and nobles undistinguish'd fall,
And unconcern'd their heirs succeed them all ;
But when the tyrant laid *Alcander* low,
Fair *virtue* wept, for *virtue* felt the blow.

*On a YOUNG LADY, aged Twenty-seven, in Hornsey
Church-yard.*

LOVELY in death, so on the verdant plain,
Falls the fair flow'ret overcharg'd with rain ;
Thus early, transient, pure as snow new driv'n *,
“ She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heav'n †.”

On a YOUNG MAN, who died for Love.

POOR youth ! thy tear-swoln eye no more shall weep,
No more shall care disturb thy quiet sleep ;
No more shall misery tear thy feeling soul ;
No more shall love thy every sense controul ;
Love visits all producing pain or strife,
And proves the blessing, or the curse of life.

* Isaiah i. 18.

† Night Thoughts.

On an OLD GENTLEMAN'S Tomb, in Islington Church-yard.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart ;
Till loosen'd life at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to flee away ;
Unhappy he ! who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd lingering on from partial death to death,
Till dying, all he can resign is breath.

On a YOUNG MAN'S Tomb, who was drowned, at Brighton.

PARENTS and friends weep not for me,
Tho' I was drowned in the sea ;
It was God's will it should be so,
Some way or other all must go.

On a YOUTH, in St. Peter's Church-yard, in Kent.

CONFIDE not reader in thy youth nor strength,
But more than both, the *present* moments prize * ;
Graves here surround thee of each breadth and length,
And thou perhaps may'st be the *next* that dies.

* The present *now* is all we can be sure of, therefore let us study to improve it in preparing for death and judgment.

Another day thou may'st not see,

Prepare then for eternity.

SOLITARY WALKS.

On

On a Tomb-stone, in the Abbey Church, in Bristol.

BOAST not, O death! thy universal reign,
Thou in thy turn shalt in the end be slain *.

On a YOUNG LADY, in Ditto.

BELOV'D by all, by her own sex admir'd,
Her praise how few deservedly attain!
In private life these virtues she acquir'd;
Hallow'd and sacred may her bones remain.

On an INFANT, in Birchinton Church-yard, in Kent.

AH! why so soon, just as the bloom appears,
Drops the fair blossom in this vale of tears?
Death view'd the treasure to the desert giv'n,
And claim'd the right of planting it in heav'n.

On a MARINER, in Margate Church-yard.

THO' boist'rous winds and Neptune's waves
Have toss'd me to and fro;
In spite of both by God's decree,
I harbour here below;

* 1 Cor. xv. 26.

Where at an anchor I do ride,
With many of our fleet ;
Yet once again I shall set sail,
Our Admiral Christ to meet *.

On a Tomb-stone in Bunhill-fields.

WHY should we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ;
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

*On a YOUNG MARRIED LADY, in Kent,
written by her Husband.*

MEEK was her temper, pious was her life,
A tender mother and a virtuous wife ;
Alas ! she's gone, dear object of my love,
T' increase the number of the faints above †.

* This Epitaph, however it may have been published before, was thought well deserving a place in this selection, for its suitableness to a sailor's tomb.

† This Epitaph reminds me of those elegiac verses of the late Dr. Watts.

Thanks be to God whose faithful love,
Hath call'd another to his breast,
Translated her to joys above,
To mansions of eternal rest.
By blessed spirits safe convey'd,
Lodg'd in the garner of the sky,
She rests, in Abraham's bosom laid,
She lives with God, no more to die.

On

On a DISSENTING MINISTER, in Kent.

TO earth his mortal relicks are consign'd,
 But heav'n has claim'd th' imperishable mind *;
 There the immortal soul more largely blest,
 Exults and triumphs in eternal rest;
 And ah! what solace for his children's pain,
 To think their loss is his eternal gain †.

On a MARRIED WOMAN, in Birchin Church-yard, in Kent.

GREAT was her earthly and domestic fame,
 But brighter virtues glow'd within her mind;
 She during life pursued a glorious aim,
 In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

On a YOUNG LADY aged Eighteen, in Ramsgate Church-yard, in Kent.

PASSENGER pause!—permit a very *stone* to tell
 thee, that the bloom of youth, fair prospects, and pa-
 rental fondness cannot reverse the sentence, *To dust thou*
shalt return †.

* We are assured by divine revelation, that at death the body re-
 turns to the earth, from whence it was taken, and the spirit to God who
 gave it. Eccles. xiii. 7.

† Phil. i. 21.

‡ Gen. iii. 19.

On a MARRIED LADY, in the Abbey Church, at Brissol.

WHOE'ER thou art whom chance may lead,
To these still mansions of the dead,
Canst thou a sigh refuse,
For one who rests beneath this stone,
Whom resignation mark'd her own,
And virtue wept to lose ?

On Ditto, in Margate Church-yard, in Kent.

A tender faithful wife, a friend sincere,
Lov'd and lamented much, lays buried here.
She wept for many, tho' she knew but few,
Let tears then flow, for tears to her are due ;
Tombs, busts, and monuments advantage not,
If names remain, the persons are forgot ;
But time shall names efface and tomb-stones rend,
All fabrics will decay and have an end * ;
In the mean while may this plain stone suffice,
To mark the place where dear *Eugenia* lies.

On a LITTLE GIRL, who died in the Seventh Year of her Age.

HERE lies a lovely maid, who from her birth,
Became a constant strife 'tween heav'n and earth ;

* *Virtue* alone outbuilds the pyramids,
Her monuments shall last when *Ægypt's* fall.

DR. YOUNG.
Each

Each claim'd her; pleaded for her; either cried
 The child is mine; at length they did divide,
 Heav'n took her soul; the earth her corpse did seize,
 Yet not in fee, she only holds in lease;
 With this proviso, when the Judge shall call,
 Earth shall give up her charge and heav'n have all.

On a GENTLEMAN'S Tomb, in Kent.

HEAV'N gives us friends to bless the present state,
 Resumes them to prepare us for the next.
 O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is
 thy victory?
 Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory thro' our
 Lord Jesus Christ*.
 O death; where's now thy sting?
 We fall, we rise, we reign;
 And from thy fetters spring,
 To life and light again.

On a Tomb-stone in St. Lawrence's Church-yard, in Kent.

THE grave is a refining pot,
 Unto believers eyes,
 'Tis there the flesh will lose its dross,
 And like the sun shall rise.

* 1 Cor. xv. 57.

This corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal, immortality.*

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them†.

On Mr. SHENSTONE's Tomb, in Hales Owen Church-yard.

READER, if genius, taste refin'd,
A native elegance of mind ;
If virtue, science, manly sense,
If wit that never gave offence,
The clearest head, the tenderest heart,
In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part,
Ah ! smite thy breast and drop a tear,
For know thy *Shenstone's* dust lies here.

On the Tomb-stone of a truly good Man in Hertfordshire.

FAREWELL my dearest friends, I must away,
Death calls me hence I would no longer stay ;
Farewell all earthly joys, I go to prove,
The endless pleasures of the saints above ;
Farewell my pains, disorders, doubts and fears,
In heaven there's neither sickness, grief nor tears ;
All I possess below I now resign,
Vain world farewell, but welcome joys divine †.

* 1 Cor. xv. 53.

† Rev. xiv. 13.

‡ See the Rural Christian, book 4.

On a YOUNG MAN'S Tomb aged Twenty-one.

A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time,
 Man is but vanity and dust,
 In all his flow'r and prime,
*Childhood and youth are vanity *.*

An EPITAPH in Bath Cathedral.

Near this monument are deposited the remains of LADY MILLER; she departed this life at the Hot-Wells of Bristol, the 24th of June, 1781, in the Forty-first year of her age.

DEVOTED stone! amidst the wrecks of time,
 Uninjur'd bear thy Miller's spotless name;
 The virtues of her youth, and ripen'd prime,
 The tender thought, th' enduring record claim.
 When clos'd the numerous eyes that round this bier
 Have wept the loss of wide-extended worth,
 O gentle stranger, may one gen'rous tear
 Drop as thou benedest o'er this hallow'd earth!
 Are truth and genius, love and pity, thine,
 With lib'ral charity, and faith sincere?
 Then rest thy wand'ring steps beneath this shrine,
 And greet a kindred spirit hov'ring near.

* Eccles. xi. 10.

On a MARRIED LADY, in a Church-yard, in Buckinghamshire.

BEHOLD this silent grave which doth embrace,
A virtuous wife with *Rachel's* lovely face,
Sarah's obedience, *Lydia's* open heart *,
Martba's good care †, and *Mary's* better part ‡.

On an OLD MAN's Tomb, who died in his Seventy-seventh year, in Bolton Church-yard, in Lancashire.

HE saw many changes and great alterations ; he went through many troubles and divers conditions, but found rest, joy and happiness only in holiness, the faith, fear, and love of God in Christ §.

On a YOUNG MAN, aged Twenty-three, in Ditto.

WITH deepest thoughts spectator view thy fate,
Thus mortals pass to an immortal state ;

* Acts xvi. 14.

† Luke x. 40.

‡ Luke x. 42.

§ However wicked men may abound in wealth, honours and earthly possessions, they cannot enjoy true peace and felicity, for *there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked* ; but the real Christian possesses an inward peace and joy, which this world cannot give or take away ; and a stranger intermeddeth not therewith.

Thro' death's dark vale we hope he found the way,
To the bright regions of eternal day ;
Life's but a moment *, death this moment ends,
Thrice blest is he who well this moment spends ;
For know, thereon eternity depends. }

*On the Rev. Mr. G. WHITFIELD, in his Chapel, in
Tottenham Court Road.*

HE like his master was by some despis'd,
Like him by many others lov'd and priz'd ;
But theirs shall be the everlasting crown,
Not whom the world but *Jesus Christ* shall own.

*On a YOUNG WOMAN, aged Twenty-two, in Bunhill
Fields.*

A soul prepar'd needs no delays,
The summons comes, the faint obeys ;
Swift was her flight, and short the road,
She clos'd her eyes and saw her God ;
The flesh rests here till Christ shall come,
And claim his treasure from the tomb.

On a private Christian's Tomb-stone, in Ditto.

MY flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;

* James iv. 14.

Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh ;
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

On a YOUNG MINISTER's Tomb-stone, in Suffolk.

WHAT he was, the judgment day will best make
known ;
Reader, what art thou * ?

On a SERVANT who lived Twenty Years in one Family.

REMEMBER man, whoe'er thou art,
Not he who acts the *greatest* part ;
But they who act the *best* will be,
The happiest men eternally †.

* Self-examination is a duty incumbent upon all ; and without it we are not likely either to live or die comfortably, as probationers for a blessed immortality, or candidates for a glorious crown that fadeth not away.

† See the Rural Christian, the latter end of the third book

On a truly pious LADY ; in Newington Church-yard.

LIFE's storm is o'er, the blissful haven gain'd,
Immortal life by sovereign grace obtained ;
Hail happy spirit number'd with the just,
Whilst thy remains lay silent in the dust,
Waiting the call, ye dead in Christ arise,
And meet your Lord triumphant in the skies *.

On a Tomb-stone, in St. Peter's Church-yard, in Kent.

THINK passenger as you pass by,
And on my tomb-stone cast an eye,
As you are now, so once was I ;
As I am, you must shortly be,
Therefore prepare to follow me †.

On a LITTLE GIRL, aged five years, in Chigwell Church-yard, in Essex.

OH ! parents dear, weep not for me,
Nor yet be overfad,
The fewer years I liv'd on earth,
The fewer faults I had ;
Tho' few my days while here below,
The longer is my rest ;
God call'd me hence in early life,
Because he thought it best.

* 1 Thes. iv. 17.

† There cannot be more suitable lines for an Epitaph, for the tomb-stones of either *young* or *old*, *rich* or *poor*, than these ; may every reader lay them properly to heart.

*On a YOUNG LADY, Thirteen Years of Age, in Chigwell
Church-yard, in Essex.*

ALAS ! how soon the flow'rs of life decay,
Bloom with the morn and with the evening close ;
Or should the youth survive a longer day,
How little fruit to fair perfection grows !
Childhood and youth are vanity.

On a YOUNG MAN, at Hadleigh, in Suffolk.

HERE let the precious dust in silence lie,
Till Christ shall raise it up, no more to die ;
Think on eternity, prepare for death,
For heav'n or hell awaits thy parting breath *.

On the Rev. Mr. T 's SON, at Ditto.

I ask no tear, grant reader one request,
Go learn of Christ the way to endless rest
In cælo quies

On an Industrious TRADESMAN, in Suffolk.

ALTHOUGH he was necessarily engaged in much
worldly business, in which he acquitted himself with great
integrity ; yet in the public and private duties of a Chris-

* An awful but just declaration, well deserving the most serious regard of all.—As we die *Saints* or *Sinners*, so shall we rise at the last great day ; for *there is no knowledge, nor device, nor wisdom in the grave, whether we are going.*—Eccle. ix. 10.

tian, he was strictly regular, and punctual, not as a matter of ostentation but of conscience.

Reader go and do likewise.

On a YOUNG MAN'S Tomb, in Essex.

STOP passenger and shed a tear,
Think on the dust that slumbers here ;
And as you read the state of me,
Think on the glass that runs for thee *.

*On a MARRIED WOMAN'S Tomb, aged Forty-four, in
Ditto.*

Inconstant earth ! why do not mortals cease,
To build their hopes upon so short a lease ?
Uncertain lease ! whose term but once begun,
Tells never when it ends till it be done ;
We doat upon thy smiles, not knowing why,
And while we but *prepare* to live, we die.
We spring like flow'rs and for a day delight,
At morn we flourish, and we fade at night.

Inscription on a Tomb-stone in Bunhill Fields.

“ HARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound,
Let all attend the cry ;
Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

* While we see our fellow creatures carrying to the silent grave around us day after day, surely it ought to remind us to prepare for death *ourselves*.

Your wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase,
 And every beating pulse you feel,
 Leaves but the number less.

Good God ! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things,
 Th' eternal state of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings*."

On a LITTLE GIRL, Four Years of Age.

SLEEP on, thou fair ! and wait the Almighty's will,
 Then rise to heav'n, and be an angel still.

On BONNEL THORNTON, Esq.

WHOE'ER thou art who see'st this honour'd shrine,
 One moment pause, and add a tear to mine,
 A manly tear, to his fair mem'ry due,
 Who felt such feelings as are known to few ;
 Whose wit (tho' keen) benevolence suppress'd,
 Who never penn'd a satire, but in *jest* †.
 'Tis now, oh ! death ! thy poignant sting we own,
 'Tis now, oh ! grave ! thy victory is shown ;
 For lo ! herein full prematurely lie
 The only part of *Thornton* which could die.

* Dr. Watts's Psalms.

† A Satirist, if possessed of good nature, is a character worthy our regard, as his writings may be useful to lash vice and expose folly ; but if too much acrimony guides his pen, he may do more harm than good.

On

On an amiable YOUNG LADY, aged Eighteen.

REST, precious dust, till heav'n thy worth reveal,
Thy Judge will publish what thy friends conceal.

On a MARRIED LADY; written by her HUSBAND.

ADIEU! blest woman, partner of my life,
A tender mother, and a faithful wife,
From scandal free most ready to commend,
Most loath to hurt, most proud to be a friend;
Her partner's comfort, and his life's relief,
Once his chief joy, but now his greatest grief;
Her God has call'd her, where she's sure to have,
Blessings more solid than herself once gave.

On a Tomb-stone in Clerkenwell Church-yard.

NEAR this monitor of human instability, are deposited the remains of Ann, the wife of She resigned her life the 8th day of November 1784, aged *thirty-seven* years. She was!

But words are wanting to say what!
Think what a wife *should* be,
And she was that.

On a gay YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged Twenty-two.

READER, approach my urn—thou need'st not fear,
Th' extorted promise of one plaintive tear,

To

To mourn thy unknown friend. From me thou'lt learn
 More than a Plato taught—the grand concern
 Of mortals!—come, with pensive thought survey
 This little freehold of unthinking clay,
 And know thy end
 Tho' young, tho' gay, this scene of death explore,
 The *young*, the *gay*, alas ! is now no more *.

On THOMAS STRONG, E/q.

IN action prudent, and in word sincere,
 In friendship faithful, and in honour clear ;
 Thro' life's vain scenes, the same in every part,
 A steady judgment, and an honest heart.
 Thou vaunt'st no honours—all thy boast, a mind,
 As infants guiltless, and as angels kind.
 When ask'd, to whom these lovely truths belong,
 Thy friends shall answer, weeping, “ Here lies *Strong* !”

On the Hon. Col. GARDINER, who bravely fell at the
Battle of Preston Pans, in the Year 1745.

WHILE fainter merit asks the pow'rs of verse,
 One faithful line shall *Gardiner's* worth rehearse.

* When death has got his dread commission seal'd,
 The young, the gay, the healthiest, *all* must yield.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

If we take a survey of the dates in any Church-yard, whether in town or country, we shall generally find infancy, youth, manhood, and old age, have each been snatched away by the hand of death, and become mouldering tenants of the dreary tomb.

The

The bleeding hero, and the martyr'd faint,
Transcends the poet's praise, the herald's paint.
His the best path to fame, that e'er was trod,
And surely his, the noblest road to God.

*On the Deaths of SEVERAL CHILDREN ; written by a
Religious Parent.*

WHAT tho' our mortal comforts fade,
And die like withering flow'rs ;
Nor time nor death can break the bond
Which makes Jehovah our's.

On Ditto, addressed to the afflicted PARENTS.

AFFLICTED parents check each big swollen tear,
And every sorrow for your offspring cease ;
Bless the kind hand with gratitude sincere,
Which snatch'd them hence to realms of endless peace.

On a pious OLD WOMAN, aged Seventy-two.

YOU that pass by, and say of me,
Alas ! her life is done ;
Be it well known unto you all,
My life is now begun.
The life I lived while on the earth
Was sorrow, grief, and pain ;
But now I have a life indeed,
Of pleasure, joy, and gain.

On a benevolent YOUNG LADY, aged Twenty-three.

AH pass not hence!—If thou did'st ever know
 The tend'rest touches of impassioned woe;
 Pass not.—If *truth, benevolence, and love,*
 Can stay thy footsteps, or thy spirit move;
 Pass not.—If every elegance of soul
 Can charm thy senses, or thy steps controul,
 Pass not.—If more than Roman virtue here,
 With more than female softness claim a tear;
 Nor pass, if heav'n-born sympathy have art
 To urge the thrilling pulses of the heart.
 But if, nor suff'ring worth thy soul can move,
 Nor the sweet impulse of a gen'rous love;
 If fortitude, with glowing beauty join'd,
 Knows not the power to captivate thy mind;
 If health, if youth, devoted to the tomb,
 If life laid down to ward a lover's doom;
 If patience, perseverance, ardour, truth,
 Blended with every charm of female youth;
 If these, and every virtue heav'n can give,
 Want power to melt the soul
 Then quickly pass!—this hallow'd spot forbear,
 The feeling heart alone in grief can share.

On a YOUNG MAN's Tomb, in Sussex.

BOTH old and young, O death! must yield to thee,
 And day by day thy powerful arm we see.
 In vain the fear, in vain the heartfelt sigh,
 All that are born to live, are born to die.

On

On a SOLDIER, who became a Preacher of the Gospel before he died, aged Fifty-six.

WHEN I was young, in wars I shed my blood,
Both for my King and for my country's good :
In elder years my chief care was to be
Soldier to him that shed his blood for me.

On a Tomb-stone in Essex.

GENTLE reader, learn to know,
This world's a vain and empty show ;
That heaven deserves your utmost care,
And sacred writ will guide you there.

On a Tomb-stone at Leeds, in Yorkshire.

READER, prepare to follow me ;
For as I am, so thou shalt be ;
Rotten in dark and silent dust :
Prepare for death ; for die thou must.
Life is uncertain, death is sure ;
Sin is the wound, Christ is the cure.

On a Tomb-stone at ditto.

REMEMBER, reader, death still skulks behind thee,
And as death leaves thee, so will judgment find thee *.

* Ecclef. ix. 10.

On a Poor Religious MAN, in Bristol.

THE sweet remembrance of the just
 Shall flourish while they sleep in dust.
 In this same grave my body lies at rest,
 Till Christ, my king, shall raise it to the blest.

On an amiable YOUNG LADY, aged Twenty.

THE happy soul hath left its fair abode :
 How pale the cheek where warmth and beauty glow'd !
 Where now those charms that held th' admiring sight ?
 The bloom as heav'n's unclouded azure bright ?
 Th' attractive smile by nature taught to please ?
 The mien that temper'd dignity with ease ?
 Ah where ! yon solemn silent vault survey,
 Where writhes the reptile o'er its kindred clay ;
 There read on pride's stain'd cheek the gen'ral doom ;
 Then pause :—while memory bleeds upon the tomb.

Perhaps while we th' untimely stroke bemoan,
 She bends adoring at th' Eternal's throne ;
 While from our eye-balls burst the streams of woe,
 Her happier soul can wonder why they flow ;
 Or smile, and pitying our mistaken sighs,
 Can bless the hour that call'd her to the skies.
 Yet must our sorrows stain thy mournful bier ;
 Such sweetness lost demands a tender tear.
 Thine was the breast by conscious virtue warm'd,
 The heart that pitied, and the look that charm'd ;

The beam of wit from sparkling genius brought,
 Its fire chafis'd by cool directing thought;
 Superior sense, by passion ne'er betray'd,
 The kindling transport, and the judging head;
 The thought which art and candid taste refine;
 The gen'rous wish; the feeling soul was thine.

Farewell lamented fair one; gone too soon!
 But heav'n bestow'd, and heav'n recall'd the boon.
 We lately saw the budding roses blow,
 Like fruit that blushes on the bending bough;
 But late th' unfolding blossoms breath'd perfume;
 Till death stept in, and lopp'd them in their bloom.

On a Tomb-stone in Bunhill Fields.

IN stedfast hope of that glad day,
 Here lies entomb'd my weary clay.
 Reader, awake, believe, repent;
 Thy hours as mine, are only lent;
 The day is hastning, when, like me,
 Thou too shalt dust and ashes be:
 Forsake thy sins, in Christ believe,
 And thou shalt surely with him live.

On a POOR MAN, aged Thirty-four.

FOR monuments there is no need
 To testify that we are dead;
 Or pedigree, or claim to pride,
 Or how we liv'd, or when we died;

Or high descent, or pomp of birth,
We're all the people of the earth ;
And he is nearest to the skies,
Who sins the least, and youngest dies *.

On Wm. HOGARTH, a late celebrated Painter.

FAREWELL, great Painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.
If genius fire thee, reader, stay ;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear ;
If neither move thee, turn away ;
For *Hogarth's* honour'd dust lies here.

Inscription on a Tomb-stone in Worcester-shire.

HERE sleeps, from worldly chains set free,
A sutor for eternity,
'Till the last trumpet's solemn sound
Awakes astonish'd worlds around,
To reap from the great Judge's hands,
The fruit their life on earth demands ;
Happy, if when time's glass is run,
He hears that welcome voice, *well done !* †

* The fewer sins we commit, the less guilty we certainly are ; but
one sin unrepented of, is sufficient to destroy the happiness of the soul,
as well as one leak may sink a ship.

† Matt. xxv. 23.

ON MARIA H. . . . a YOUNG LADY, *aged Seventeen,*
who died singing the twenty-third Psalm.

WHEN languid now her flutt'ring breath

Maria faintly drew;

She saw beyond the shades of death,

Heaven opening to her view.

Regardless of her dying pains,

Her voice she strove to raise;

Rejoicing in seraphic strains

To chant her Maker's praise.

Her soul, in virgin lustre bright,

Burst through the mortal clay,

And, soaring to the realms of light,

Exulting wing'd its way.

Thus from her nest, with towering wings,

We see the lark arise;

With joy her matin notes she sings,

And warbling mounts the skies.

ON DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Author of the Rambler, &c.*

MATURE in age, with fame, with honour crown'd,

For virtue reverenc'd, as for wit renown'd;

Whose bosom glow'd with purest precepts fraught;

Whose life express'd each precept which he taught.

Such Johnson was—but is, alas! no more;

Let literature herself the loss deplore;

With piety and virtue by her side,

In sable mourn their guardian and their pride.

Though

Though life is frail, all human glories vain,
 Yet Johnson's bays unfaded shall remain;
 His works survive, to future ages dear,
 And latest times his mem'ry shall revere.
 Stern foe to vice, by virtue's friends care'd,
 Thus Johnson liv'd, with learned leisure blest;
 Happy through life, yet happier in his end,
 Who, dying, claim'd his Saviour for his friend.

Another, on the same.

AS the fond mother, o'er the sable bier
 Of her lov'd son lets fall a lucid tear;
 So learning sighs around her Johnson's shrine,
 And genius mourns, attended by the nine;
 E'en great Apollo tunes his muffled lyre
 To strains of woe, and joins the weeping choir!
 Britons attend, and while each throbbing heart
 Feels England's loss, and feeling bears a part;
 Be it his task to rear her drooping age,
 To millions yet unborn transmit her splendid page.

Inscription on the Monument of a LADY, in Bath Cathedral.

IN memory of C M one of the most
 valuable women that ever lived; whose principal happi-
 nefs consisted (although she was of some rank) in a real
 and unbounded affection and tenderness for her husband
 and children. This monument is erected, from the sor-
 row of their hearts, and their love and respect for her;
 without

without the vanity, or weakness of proclaiming her virtues, or their own misfortune in so inestimable a loss. Let others therefore celebrate the name, family, and condition of so amiable and rare a character.

On a LADY, in Bath Cathedral.

Sacred to the memory of E G
 wife of J G M. D. She lived a most
 virtuous and Christian life: extremely beloved and re-
 spected by all that knew her; as a daughter, wife, mother,
 mistress and friend, (especially to the poor); and crowned
 it in a patient submission to God's will, (under a long and
 painful sickness) by as holy and exemplary a death, aged
thirty-three.

*Inscription on a GENTLEMAN'S Tomb in Somersetshire,
 who died aged Thirty-six.*

.
 A dutiful son,
 A tender husband,
 A fond parent,
 A kind master.

His good sense, good nature, and polite behaviour,
 acquired him the love and esteem of his equals; his affa-
 bility and humanity commanded the respect and affection
 of his inferiors; his unbounded charity and benevolence
 gained him the blessing and prayers of the poor and dis-
 tressed; so far for *this* world: a sincere piety, and unaf-
 fected,

fect practice of all Christian virtues, made him ripe for another, in the flower of his age.

On the WIFE of a CAPTAIN in Somersetshire.

SHE was a most affectionate wife ; a most tender and careful parent ; a sincere and useful friend, abhorring all flattery or deceit ; she was a just steward to her husband, whose fortune was always left in her care when he went abroad ; she was greatly esteemed by all her acquaintance, beloved by all her relations, and servants : in regard to her good qualities, and in tender remembrance of so dear a wife, this monument is erected by her disconsolate husband. She departed this life, aged *thirty-nine*.

On an eminent MERCHANT, in Ditto.

HE was strictly moral, and truly good :
 In his integrity, unbiassed and unshaken ;
 In business, close and indefatigable :
 In his life and actions, plain and uniform ;
 In his devotions, constant and exemplary ;
 A true son of the church,
 A true lover of his country ;
 A tender husband, a loving father, and a firm friend.

On a LADY, in Bath Cathedral.

HER ever affectionate and afflicted husband, hath caused this little monument to be erected, as a testimony of
 his

his heartfelt gratitude to the memory of the best of wives ; who for the few years she lived with him, not only made him a much happier, but a *better* man ; since her rational and endearing conversation, was not only the perpetual delight of his heart ; but her pious and exemplary conduct, was likewise the pleasing rule, and constant direction of his life*.

On a GENTLEMAN, in Bath Cathedral.

NEAR this place lieth the body of J B Esq. a truly good, and honest man, a tender husband, affectionate father, and faithful friend ; not more industrious in acquiring a fortune, than generous in dispensing it. Thus, happily furnished with every social virtue, he lived, beloved ; and died, lamented ; aged *fifty-four*.

On a YOUNG LADY, in ditto.

SACRED to the dear memory of A only daughter of G . . . F . . . , Esq. an excellent person, good-natured, discreet, and virtuous ; most affectionately beloved by her relations, and most justly esteemed by all that knew her. It pleased God to visit her with a tedious and severe illness, which (though in the flower of her age, and blessed with a plentiful fortune), she bore with great evenness and constancy : she prepared herself by frequent

* Happy the husband of such a wife ; well may it be said, a good wife is from the Lord ; the Lord increase the number of them.

and fervent devotion, for her dissolution; which she waited for with such pious resignation, as manifested her heart to be affected with the power of religion, and the well-grounded hopes of a blessed eternity, Her life being the more desirable, in that the first real occasion of grief she gave her sorrowful mother, was her death*.

On a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, in Bath Cathedral.

SACRED to the memory of W C a youth, distinguished by the sweetness of his manners, and the excellence of his heart. Generous, humane, and affectionate: his life was a source of happiness to others: his death, it is hoped, was the commencement of his own.

Look down blest soul! and from the realms above,
Accept the last sad tribute of our love,
The last; ev'n now our sorrows we resign,
And lose our feelings to rejoice in thine.

On a LADY, in ditto.

A wife more than thirty-three years to R L
D. D.

Who never saw her once ruffled with anger,
Or heard her utter e'en a peevish word;
Whether pain'd, or injur'd, the same good woman,
In whose mouth, as in whose character,
Was no contradiction;

* How few young women in the present day, make their lives desirable to those around them, by endeavouring to deserve such an excellent character, and copying such a bright example.

Resign'd

Resign'd, gentle, courteous, affable;
 Without passion, though not without sense:
 She took offence, as little as she gave it;
 She never *was*, or *made* an enemy;
 To servants, mild; to relations, kind;
 To the poor a friend; to the stranger hospitable;
 Always caring how to please her husband,
 Yet not less attentive to the one thing needful.
 How few will be able to equal,
 What all should endeavour to imitate* !

On a LADY, supposed to be written by her HUSBAND.

THO' low in earth, her beauteous form decay'd,
 My faithful wife, my lov'd Maria's laid;
 In sad remembrance the afflicted raise
 No pompous tomb, inscribed with venal praise;
 To statesmen, warriors, and to kings belong,
 The trophied sculpture, and the poet's song;
 And these the proud, expiring, often claim,
 Their wealth bequeathing to record their name †;
 But humble virtue, stealing to the dust,
 Heeds not our lays, or monumental bust.
 To name her virtues ill befits my grief;
 What was my bliss can now give no relief;

* This character well merits the attention and regard of every female candidate for true happiness in the marriage state; would to God every wife deserved it.

† The vanity discovered by those, who leave considerable sums of money, for the purpose of erecting sepulchral monuments to perpetuate their memories, is no evidence of their real merit, because real merit is always coupled with *modesty*.

A husband mourns ; the rest let friendship tell ;
Fame ! spread her worth ; a husband knew it well.

On a LADY, in Bath Cathedral.

HER understanding was excellent,
Her genius innocently sprightly,
Her heart sincere and generous,
Her conversation agreeable,
Her friendship constant,
Her mind and person equally agreeable.

On a Ditto, in Ditto.

A loving wife,
A tender mother,
A devout Christian.
Gentleness of manners,
Chearfulness of temper, piety of heart, and
Innocency of life,
Enabled her to pass through this world without anxiety ;
And to leave it in the *thirty-third* year of her age with
resignation,
In the sure and certain hopes of a better.

On an eminent PHYSICIAN, in Ditto.

HE was a friendly, popular, and successful physician,
As a writer he was easy, elegant, methodical, animated,
and ingenious. In conversation inexpressibly candid ;
more inclinable to hear than to be heard ; yet quick in
invention, fluent in elocution, and endued with a pecu-
liar liveliness, and amiable sensibility.

In

In his moral character he was a sincere Christian, and was equally led by the finest affections, as well as the purest principles, to discharge the several charities and duties of life; he fulfilled them all with equal beauty and energy; and therefore died universally lamented *.

On a private GENTLEMAN, in Bath Cathedral.

AS a husband, a father, and a friend, he observed the precepts of religion, the principles of humanity, and the dictates of reason; preserving in the common intercourse of life, the same candour and integrity. He endured a long and painful illness, with the resignation and fortitude becoming a real Christian; and died aged *forty-five*. Such were his politeness, affability, benevolence, charity, and religion, that, in the neighbourhood, in which he resided, the love and respect for him were literally *universal*.

On an amiable YOUTH, aged Seventeen.

OF gentle blood, his parents only treasure,
 Their lasting sorrow, and their vanquished pleasure;
 Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
 A large provision for so short a race.
 More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
 Too early fitted for a better state†;

* Would to God physicians in general deserved no worse a character than this; a better they cannot wish to have.

† As young persons cannot be too young to die, they cannot be too soon fitted for death, much less for *heaven*; well for them! if it never proves *too late*.

But

But knowing heav'n his *home*, to shun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

On a GENTLEMAN of Fortune, aged Forty-six.

HE was kind and obliging to his neighbours,
Generous and condescending to his inferiors,
And just to all mankind;
Nor had the temptations
Of honour and pleasure in *this* world,
Strength enough to withdraw his eyes
From that great object of his hope,
Which we reasonably assure ourselves
He now enjoys, in a bright and better world above.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT, by Mr. POPE.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave the father grief, but when he dy'd,
How vain is reason! eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh! let thy once lov'd friend, inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own.

On ROBERT DIGBY, Esq. written by Mr. POPE.

GO, fair example of untainted youth!
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:

Com-

Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate ;
 Good without noise, without pretension great.
 Just of thy word, in every thought sincere ;
 Who knew no wish, but what the world might hear ;
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind.
 Go, live ! for heav'n's eternal year is thine :
 Go, and exalt thy mortal to divine.

Go, then ! where only bliss sincere is known :
 Go ! where to love, and to enjoy, are one :
 Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
 And 'till we share your joys, forgive our grief :
 These little rites, a *stone*, a *verse*, receive ;
 'Tis all a father, all a friend can give.

On a YOUNG LADY, aged Sixteen.

RIPE in virtue, green in years,
 Here a matchless maid lies low :
 None could read, and spare their tears,
 Did they but her sweetness know.
 Humbly wise, and meekly good,
 No earthly lovers charm'd her breast ;
 But full of grace, her Saviour woo'd,
 And hides her blushes in his breast *.

On a FATHER and SON ; the latter died first.

DEAR to the wife and good, disprais'd by none,
 Here sleep in peace, the *father* and the *son* ;

* This is a character every young lady would do well to copy, who wishes to be a favourite of heaven, and an heiress of eternal glory.

By virtue, as by nature, close ally'd,
 The painter's genius, but without the pride :
 Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
 Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine.
 The son fair rising, knew too short a date ;
 But oh ! how more severe the parent's fate !
 He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,
 Felt a all father's anguish—wept, and dy'd.

On an eminently pious WOMAN, aged Thirty-seven.

HER frail remains are here contain'd,
 Whose life, and death, this truth explain'd :
 " That piety, and goodness, join'd
 " With ev'ry grace of human mind,
 " Are not allow'd by heav'n to save,
 " Their fairest patterns from the grave :"
 Yet shall they, ages hence, restore
 Those patterns, fairer than before.

On J. RADFORD, in Bath Cathedral.

GOOD nature, upright heart, unbiafs'd mind ;
 Religious, not austere, to others kind ;
 To secrets faithful, virtuous without pride,
 Deportment gentle, resignation try'd.
 These, Radford ! were thy ornaments on earth,
 With ev'ry virtue blest'd e'en from thy birth ;
 Tho' cruel death has snatch'd thy mortal frame,
 Thy virtues live, as ever shall thy fame.

On a LADY'S Monument, in Bath Cathedral.

IF the remembrance of whate'er was dear,
 Deserves the pious tribute of a tear,
 Bestow it on the dust that sleepeth here.
 That precious dust, which, living, did comprize
 The fair, the good, the graceful, and the wise;
 The real worth of virtue, ne'er is known,
 'Till ravish'd from before our eyes, and gone*.

On the late Rev. Dr. DODDRIDGE, of Northampton.

SUBLIME of genius! and with science blest'd,
 Of ev'ry brilliant excellence possess'd;
 Beyond the common standard, learn'd and wise,
 Of conduct artless, and above disguise:
 In whom, but equals few, superiors none,
 The friend, the husband, and the father, shone!
 A tutor, form'd t' implant in yielding youth,
 And, into fruit, mature the seeds of truth:
 A writer, elegant in manly charms,
 Who, like the sun, enlightens while he warms;
 A pastor, blending with divinest skill,
 A seraph's knowledge, with a seraph's zeal:
 Not only taught religion's paths, but trod;
 And, like illustrious Enoch, walk'd with God.
 Doddridge! these rich embellishments, combin'd,
 Were thine; but who can paint an angel's mind?
 Heav'n saw thee ripe for glory, and, in love,
 Remov'd thee hence, to grace the realms above.

* We are often taught the value of earthly blessings by their loss.

On an eminent AUTHOR, in Somersetshire.

WHEN vice, with syren charms, corrupts the age,
 Ensnares the youthful, and allures the sage;
 How great that soul, who could each charm defy!
 Too good to live! and, not afraid to die!
 If where kind nature, lavish, yields her part,
 To please the eye, and captivate the heart,
 Claims thy attention, oh! the gushing tear,
 Must dew the turf of him that slumbers here.

So mild his manners, so sincere his tongue!
 So gayly moral, and so sagely young!
 So firm his friendship, so compos'd a mind!
 Where ev'ry grace, where ev'ry charm combin'd,
 To form the amazing whole! O! gentle shade!
 Thy blooming virtues, time shall never fade.
 Accept this tribute which my friendship pays;
 Thy fame must live, when this poor verse decays.

Inscription on a LADY's Monument, in Bath Cathedral.

STRANGER! these dear remains contain'd a mind,
 As infants guiltless, and as angels kind;
 Rip'ning for heav'n, by pains and suff'rings try'd,
 To pain superior, and unknown to pride.
 Calm and serene beneath affliction's rod,
 Because she knew it was the hand of God:
 Because she trusted in her Saviour's pow'r,
 Hence she was fearless in the dying hour.

No venal muse this faithful picture draws;
 Bless'd saint! Desert like thine extorts applause.
 Oh! let a weeping friend discharge his due,
 His debt to worth, to excellence, and you.

*On a GENTLEMAN and his WIFE, who died in each
 other's Arms, two Days after Marriage.*

ALTHO' the cruel hand of fate,
 Could soul and body separate;
 It could not man and wife divide,
 They liv'd one life; one death they dy'd.

On an OLD SERVANT, who was Deaf and Dumb.

PASS not, proud mortals! thus unmindful by,
 Here moulders one, who never told a lie;
 Who ne'er detracted from another's fame;
 Nor e'er, by scandal, brought a neighbour shame;
 In life's uneven path contented trod;
 Curs'd not his neighbour, nor blasphem'd his God;
 To converse private gave no list'ning ear;
 Nor was, one slander, ever known to hear.
 Who, silent to his friends as to his foes,
 His master's secrets never would disclose;
 But faithful sober, pious, good, and just,
 Serv'd him obedient, and fulfill'd his trust;
 More quiet none, in boastful Greece or Rome;
 For know, O reader, he was *deaf* and *dumb*.

On a YOUNG LADY, at Hackney, aged Eighteen.

A pleasing form, a heav'n-taught virt'ous mind,
 Engaging manners, with affections kind;
 But ah ! each heav'n-born excellence is fled,
 And the dear maid lies number'd with the dead ;
 Dead ?—no ! she lives with kindred saints above,
 And joins their songs of everlasting love.

On a LADY, in Sussex, who died, aged Forty-three.

NOW take thy rest, dear soul, in thy cold bed,
 (For tho' to heav'n thy precious soul is fled)
 Thou shalt not here as one neglected lie ;
 But be preserv'd by God's most watchful eye.
 Wait but a while that thou may'st be refin'd,
 And thou shalt rise and leave thy drefs behind.
 Grace made thee lovely and admir'd by all,
 And sure since grace adorn'd thee, *glory shall* *.

On a poor but eminent MUSICIAN, aged Forty-four.

PHILLIPS ! whose touch harmonious could remove
 The pangs of guilty pow'r or helpless love,
 Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more ;
 Here find that calm, thou gav'st so oft before.
 Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

* Psalms lxxxiv. 11. *The Lord will give grace and glory ; and
 no good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly.*

On a MARRIED LADY, aged Thirty-five.

A body chaste, a virtuous mind,
 A pious soul, a humble heart;
 Secret and wise, faithful and kind,
 Plain without guile, mild without art;
 A friend to peace, a foe to strife,
 A spotless maid, a matchless wife*.

On a YOUNG LADY, aged Twenty.

IN all the bloom of youth she met her death,
 Yet calm as hoary age resign'd her breath.
 Prepar'd by virtue for her blest remove;
 There, sure to find what's only found above,
 Friendship sincere, and peace, and heavenly love. }

On a pious LADY, aged Sixty-one.

EQUAL as age advanc'd, her virtues grew,
 And heav'n, her aim, still nearer shone in view;
 So great th' increase at length, faith chang'd to fight,
 And the full prospect beam'd intensely bright †:
 Mortality oppress'd, no more could bear,
 But sunk to rest, and sleeps in silence here.

* The character this Epitaph contains, is almost a *perfect* one, and therefore too likely to be the dictates of flattery, or the effusions of panegyric;—writers of Epitaphs should ever remember not to exceed the bounds of truth and nature, in the characters they give of deceased relatives or friends.

† When a real Christian dies, or as the Scriptures justly express it, *falls asleep in Jesus*, then faith is turned into vision, grace into glory, and hope into full and compleat fruition; and the disembodied soul triumphantly enters into the joy of her Lord.

On

On a very promising CHILD, Seven Years of Age.

PECULIAR blessings bear the shortest date,
And wond'rous births early resign to fate :
They're made by nature of superior mould,
Of too refin'd a substance to grow old.

On a MARRIED LADY, aged Forty.

ENOUGH, cold stone, suffice her long-lov'd name !
Words are too weak to pay her virtues claim ;
Temples and tombs, and towns shall waste away,
And pow'r's vain pomp in mould'ring dust decay :
But ere mankind a wife more perfect see,
Eternity, O time ! shall bury thee*.

On a poor Industrious HUSBANDMAN, in Yorkshire.

THIS humble monument will show
Where lies an honest man.
Ye kings, whose heads are laid as low,
Rise higher, if you can.

On a WOMAN, born Blind, who died, aged Thirty-two.

WERE I not happy that I did not see
Deluding objects of mortality ?
Our light is darkness, if we see in sin ;
Our darkness light, if all be light within.

* This doubtless is saying more than any one has a right to say ;
and a very poor compliment to surviving married women.

O wretched

O wretched light, by which we blindly go
To sin, to death, to everlasting woe!
O darkness happy! that can shew the way
To life and virtue, and eternal day.

On CLOE, a great Talker, who died, aged Thirty-five.

HOW apt are men to lie! how dare they say,
When life is gone, all learning fleets away?
Since this cold grave holds Cloe fair and young,
Who here first learnt to hold her chattering tongue*.

Inscription on a Monument in the Abbey Church of Bath.

'TIS not the tomb in marble polish'd high,
The venal verse, or flattering titles nigh,
The classic learning on a sculptur'd stone,
Where Latin tells what English blush'd to own,
Shall shroud the guilty from the sight of God,
Incline his balance, or avert his rod †;
His hand can raise the crippled and the poor,
Spread on the way, or fainting at the door;
And blast the villain tho' to altars fled,
Who robb'd us living, and insults us dead.

* However smart and witty this Epitaph may be accounted, it is not to be commended, for any useful or important lesson it holds out, to the thoughtful passenger in his way through time to eternity.

† However flattering Epitaphs may be engraven on the tombs of the worthless and abandoned great and noble, by birth or fortune,

The last great day will make appear,
What here below they *truly* were.

On

On a FATHER and SON, eminent for Piety and Virtue.

THIS peaceful tomb doth now contain,
 Father and son together laid ;
 Whose living virtues shall remain,
 When they, and this are quite decay'd *.
 What man could be to ripeness grown,
 And finish'd worth could do, or shun,
 At full was in the father shown,
 What youth could promise, in the son.
 But death obdurate both destroy'd,
 'The perfect fruit and op'ning bud ;
 First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
 Then robb'd us of the coming good.

On a LADY, who died in a Convent, aged Thirty-two.

IN dawn of life she wisely fought her God,
 And the straight path of thorny virtue trod ;
 In bloom of beauty humbly turn'd aside
 The incense flattery offer'd to her pride.
 In others grief a tender part she bore,
 And all the needy shared her little store.
 Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend,
 Belov'd by all, to all the good a friend :
 The bad she censur'd by her life alone,
 Blind to *their* faults, severe upon her *own* †.

* *Virtue* alone outbuilds the pyramids,
 Her monuments shall last when *Ægypt's* fall.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

† Would to God, this was more the practice of mankind in general ; do we see failings in others ? let it always teach us to look at *home*.

At

At distance view'd the world with pious dread,
 And to God's temple for protection fled;
 There fought that peace which heav'n alone can give,
 And learn'd to die, ere others learn to live.

On a YOUNG LADY, aged Seventeen.

NOT far remote lies a lamented fair,
 Whom heav'n had fashion'd with peculiar care:
 For sense distinguish'd, and esteem'd for truth,
 And ev'ry winning ornament of youth.
 Yet liv'd she free from envy, and admir'd,
 But ah! too soon she from the world retir'd.
 Filial affection rose in her so high,
 No sage can censure the parental sigh.
 The gen'rous plant had shone in beauty's pride,
 Gaily it bloom'd, but in the blooming dy'd;
 Learn from this marble what thou valuest most,
 And set't thy heart upon may soon be lost *.

On HENRY JENKINS, one hundred and sixty-nine years old.

BLUSH not, marble!
 To rescue from oblivion
 the memory of
Henry Jenkins;

* Wouldest thou reader, not be deprived of the object of thy love?
 then set thine affections on things above, not on things on the earth;
 For all on earth is shadow, all beyond
 Is substance

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

S

A per-

A person obscure by birth,
But of a life truly memorable :

For

He was enriched with the goods of nature,
If not of fortune;
And happy in the *duration*,
If not variety of his enjoyments :

And

Tho' the partial world
despised and disregarded
his low and humble state ;
the equal eye of Providence
beheld and blessed it
With a *patriarch's* health and length of days !
to teach mistaken man,
“ These blessings are entailed on *temperance*,”
“ A life of *labour*, and a mind at *ease*.”
He lived to the amazing age of
One hundred and sixty-nine.

An Elegy on the death of a YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I.

HARK!—what a mournful solemn sound
Rolls murm'ring through the cloudy air !
It strikes the soul with awe profound,
Affects the gay, alarms the fair.

II.

With what a pathos does it speak !
Affecting deep the thoughtful mind :
The golden schemes of folly break,
That hold in glitt'ring snares mankind.

'Tis

III.

'Tis death's dread herald calls aloud,
Proclaim his conquest through the skies:
The sun retires behind a cloud,
And nature seems to sympathize.

IV.

Reflect, ye restless sons of care ;
Your vain designs his hand can spoil,
Make hard oppressors lend an ear,
And wretched misers cease their toil.

V.

For what avail vast heaps of gold,
When death his awful writ shall send ?
Though folly swell, and pride look bold,
The mask must drop, the farce must end.

VI.

It is not hoary tottering age
That now lies stretch'd beneath his stroke ;
The tyrant stern that feels his rage ;
Th' oppressor's rod, that now is broke.

VII.

But hark ! what sweet celestial notes,
With grateful accents charm my ear !
As down th' etherial music floats,
The sun breaks forth, the skies are clear.

VIII.

From heav'n descends the joyful strain,
Convey'd to earth on angels wings ;
To mitigate our grief and pain,
And this the theme of joy it brings :

IX.

“ Thus write (the voice from heav’n proclaims)
“ The virtuous dead are ever blest !
“ Their works immortalize their names,
“ Their labours cease, and here they rest.

X.

“ Behold, the Saviour wide display
“ The trophies of his gen’rous love,
“ To cheer you through life’s thorny way,
“ And lead to flowery realms above.

XI.

“ ’Tis he destroys death’s baneful sting,
“ And bids the grave’s dread horrors fly * ;
“ The choirs of heav’n his triumph sing,
“ And hail him victor through the sky.”

On an amiable YOUNG LADY aged Twenty-one.

IF e’er sharp sorrow from thine eyes did flow ;
If e’er thy bosom felt another’s woe,
If e’er fair beauty’s charms thy heart did prove,
If e’er the offspring of thy virtuous love
Bloom’d to thy wish, or to thy soul was dear,
This plaintive marble asks thee for a tear ;
For here, alas ! too early snatch’d away,
All that was lovely, death has made his prey ;
No more her cheeks with crimson roses vie,
No more the diamond sparkles in her eye ;

* Through Jesus Christ, every true believer shall be more than a conqueror over death, hell and the grave ; agreeable to the declaration of an inspired apostle, Rom. viii. 37.

Her

Her breath no more its balmy sweets can boast,
 Alas ! that breath with all its sweets is lost.
 Pale now those lips, where blushing rubies hung,
 And mute the charming music of her tongue !
 Ye virgins fair, your fading charms survey,
 She was whate'er your tender hearts can say ;
 To her sweet memory for ever dear,
 Let the green turf receive your trickling tear.
 To this sad place your earliest garlands bring,
 And deck her grave with firstlings of the spring.
 Let opening roses, drooping lilies tell,
 Like those she bloom'd, and ah ! like these she fell.
 Incircling wreaths let the pale ivy grow,
 And distant yews a sable shade bestow ;
 Round her, ye graces, constant vigils keep,
 And guard (fair innocence) her sacred sleep :
 'Till that bright morn shall wake the beauteous clay,
 To bloom and sparkle in eternal day.

*Inscription on the Tomb of an eminent MINISTER, aged
 Forty-four, who in the former part of his life had been a
 successful Tradesman.*

From his example the reader may learn, that there are
 no difficulties which a firm resolution will not surmount ;
 no circumstances which persevering industry will not im-
 prove ; and no character which may not be elevated and
 ennobled by the practice of virtue and an earnest desire
 of doing good.

Inscription

Inscription on a Monument, at Winburn, in Dorsetshire.

UNDERNEATH are deposited the remains of Theodosia H ——— who, after a long and painful illness, which she bore with Christian patience, resigned her soul to God who gave it, aged *fifty-five*. Reader, if thou regardest eternal life, imitate her virtues; learn to be generous and benevolent; to forgive injuries; to administer comfort to the afflicted; to the poor, relief; follow after faith, hope, and charity; but, like her, remember, that the greatest of these is *charity* *.

On an eminent MINISTER of the Gospel, aged Seventy.

IF social manners, if the gentlest mind,
 If zeal for God, and love for human kind,
 If all the charities which life endear,
 May claim affection or demand a tear;
 Then o'er thy truly venerable urn,
 Domestic love may weep and friendship mourn.
 The path of duty still untir'd he trod,
 He walk'd in safety for he walk'd with God;
 When past the pow'r of precept and of pray'r,
 Yet still his flock remain'd the shepherd's care.
 Their wants still nobly watchful to supply,
 He taught his last best lesson, how to die.

On a GENTLEMAN, struck dead by a Flash of Lightning.

BY touch etherial in a moment slain,
 He felt the power of death but not the pain.

* 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

Swift as the lightning glanced, his spirit flew,
 And bade this rough tempest'ous world adieu.
 Short was his passage to that peaceful shore,
 Where storms annoy and tempests threat no more.

On a very Charitable MARRIED LADY, aged Forty.

IN her, whose relics mark this sacred earth,
 Shone all domestic, and all social worth.
 First, heav'n her hope with early offspring crown'd ;
 And thence a second race rose smiling round.
 Heav'n to industrious worth its blessing lent,
 And all was competence and all content.
 Farewell the friend who spar'd the assistant loan ;
 A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.
 Did pitious Lazars oft attend her door ?
 She gave ;—farewell the parent of the poor.
 Youth, age, and want, once cheer'd, now fighting swell,
 Bless her lov'd name, and weep a long farewell.

Inscription on a BISHOP'S Monument, in the Isle of Man.

IN this house which I have borrowed of my brethren,
 the worms*, do I lie, *Samuel*, by divine permission, late
 Bishop of this island, in hopes of the resurrection to
 eternal life. Reader, stop, view the Lord Bishop's palace
 and smile †.

* Job xvii. 14.

† Well might a late eminent writer say,
 Earth's highest station ends in here he lies,
 And dust to dust concludes her noblest song.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Inscription

Inscription on a Monument in a Church-yard, in Derbyshire.

PENSIVE peruse, and keep, where'er thou art,
 This wholsome lesson treasured in thy heart.
 Tho' to thy wealth the heart humane be join'd,
 And all the blest'd benevolence of mind;
 Tho' widows hail thee, as thou mov'st along,
 And orphans join in the celestial song;
 In blooming youth, adorn'd with every grace,
 The noblest offspring of the human race;
 The virtue from thy parents handed down,
 Kept and increas'd with thousands of thy own;
 To ask thy stay, tho' ev'ry streaming eye,
 And ev'ry hand were lifted to the sky;
 In the same track with me thou soon must tread,
 And join the number of the mould'ring dead *.

On a poor but truly Worthy MAN, aged Forty-three.

OH! that the dead might speak, and in a strain,
 To charm each death-form'd doubt, and heart-felt pain,
 Might tell the timid sons of vital breath,
 How soft and easy is the bed of death!
 Might from this moral truth rich comfort give,
 That man but lives to die, and dies—to live!

* Neither beauty, wealth, grandeur, or excellence, however valuable or beloved among the sons and daughters of mortality, can exempt the possessors from the stroke of death.

Let

Let sumptuous marbles, and the sculptur'd bust,
 Grace the proud pile that covers titled dust * ;
 Whilst o'er this sod, where sleeps the humble dead,
 Returning springs a living verdure shed ;
 And on this stone the pensive muse shall say,
 " Bleft is the man who claims the genuinelay, }
 Which truth and gratitude united pay."

Inscription on a Tomb-stone, in Hertfordshire.

HERE, passenger, behold the way,
 Which all must go who live ;
 And wisely use each fleeting day
 Indulgent heav'n may give.
 Pensive, I often view'd the road
 To rest, where now I lie ;
 So thou, improve the hour bestow'd,
 And live prepar'd to die †.

On a GENTLEMAN, aged Twenty-four, in Derbyshire.

READER,

If from thy labouring breast ere burst
 Commiseration's sigh ;

* Reader, beware !

Let not the blaze of glittering talents,
 Nor the pomp of sounding titles,
 Mislead thy understanding,
 Or corrupt thy heart.

† A late celebrated poet justly observes,
 Death has no dread, but what frail life imparts ;
 Nor life true joy, but what kind death improves.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

T

IF

If in thine eye the quivering tear
 Ere spoke the throbbing heart,
 Here let the bosom heave ;
 Here shed the sympathetic drop ;
 For here, alas ! the frost of death has nipt
 The fairest blossom of a generous mind ;
 Whose worst exuberances
 Were but luxuriant benevolence,
 Shot from the warmth of pure philanthropy ;
 But 'twas the will of heaven.
 The fruit now ripens in celestial suns ;
 The vital principle
 Now mixes with congenial spirits ;
 Blest in th' enjoyment of eternal bliss ;
 (The meed) of virtuous actions.*

*On an eminent GARDENER ; in Henbury Church-yard,
 near Bristol.*

POMONA's treasure's gone, her glory fled,
 And Flora's beauty lost, since thou art dead.
 The flow'rs, the trees, and plants all fading stand,
 Which us'd to flourish, by thy skilful hand :
 'Twas by thy skilful hand, they us'd to bring
 Treasures of autumn, pleasures of the spring.
 Alas ! that neither plant, nor flow'r, nor tree,
 Could *thee* relieve, so oft repriev'd by thee.

* Matthew v. 8.

On

On DAVID GARRICK, *Esq. late of Twickenham, in Middlesex.*

PATHETIC recollection lend thine aid,
To pay due tribute to his hallowed shade ;
Call forth each wond'rous power by him possess'd,
Which agitated oft the human breast :
But vain the task, such num'rous beauties rise,
On each reflection, that with streaming eyes
Great nature speaks ! speaks with prophetic pain,
“ We ne'er shall look upon his like again.”

On the late Dr. GOLDSMITH ; *Author of the Deserted Village,* &c.*

IF to amuse, at once, and teach the age ;
If with new light, t' illume the historic page ;
If with the comic scene to touch the heart,
And good instruction with a smile impart ;
These to possess with purest manners join'd
With an extensive, penetrating mind ;
If these are virtues good men value most,
And if such virtues, too untimely lost !
Demand the tender tear from pitying eyes,
Ye gen'rous shed them here where *Goldsmith* lies.

* See another Epitaph upon him, page 81.

On Mr. GRAY, Author of the celebrated Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

YE lovers, robb'd of all your souls held dear ;
Ye maidens, forrowing for your lovers true ;
Ye orphans, weeping o'er your father's bier,
Now mourn for him, who best could mourn for you.
For here he lies, who knew in tender strains,
To pour the artless, elegiac lay,
To lull your sorrows, and to sooth your pains,
Here lies the gen'rous, sympathetic Gray.

On BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, an eminent Printer.

HERE lies the body of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents worn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding ;
Yet the work shall not be lost ;
But it shall, as he believed,
Once more appear,
In a new and beautiful edition,
Corrected and revised by the
*Author *.*

* This Epitaph evidently refers to the general resurrection, when the Sacred Scriptures inform us, however the body is sown a natural body, it shall be raised a *spiritual* body ; though it is sown in corruption, it shall be raised in *incorruption* ; though it is sown in dishonour, it shall be raised in *glory*. 1 Cor. xv. 43.

On an eminent PHILOSOPHER, aged Sixty-three.

BENEATH this stone, the world's just wonder lies,
 Who, while on earth, had rang'd the spacious skies;
 Around the stars his active soul had flown,
 And seen their courses finish'd ere his own.
 Now he enjoys those realms he did explore,
 And finds that heav'n he knew so well before.
 He thro' more worlds his victory pursu'd,
 Then the brave Greek could wish to have subdu'd;
 In triumph ran one vast creation o'er,
 Then stopp'd; for nature could afford no more.
 With Cæsar's speed, young Ammon's noble pride,
 He came, saw, vanquish'd, wept, return'd, and dy'd*.

*On a Tender FATHER, aged Forty-seven; written by his
 SON.*

AT length thy soul has reach'd the land of peace;
 Thy pains are ended, and thy sorrows cease.
 Heav'n has thee now; we will not then repine,
 Heav'n has thee now; and all its joys are thine.
 Yet ah! 'tis more than human frailty can,
 We hail the saint, but must deplore the man.

* Happy the man! and he alone appears,
 Who having once unmov'd by hopes and fears,
 Survey'd sun, earth and ocean, clouds and flame,
 Returns well satisfied, from whence he came.

SOLITARY WALKS.

Here

Here shall be heard the widow's piercing groan ;
 While orphan's tears wear out the hallow'd stone.
 These seek thee gather'd to the mighty dead :
 Blest turf ! on which such holy dews are shed :
 Oh ! may some friend, when my life's course is run,
 By the dear father lay th' unworthy Son *.

On an eminently humble LADY, aged Forty-two.

COME ladies, ye that would appear,
 Like angels, fair, come dress you here.
 Come, dress you at this marble stone,
 And make that humble grace your own,
 Which once adorn'd as fair a mind,
 As e'er yet lodg'd in woman kind.
 So she was blest'd ; whose humble life
 Was free from pride, was free from strife.
 Her very looks, her garb, her mien,
 Disclos'd the humble soul within.
 Trace her thro' ev'ry scene of life,
 View her as widow, virgin, wife ;
 Still humble she the same appears,
 The same in youth, the same in years ;

* This reminds me of those remarkable lines, in a poem entitled
the Grave, by R. Blair,

The very turf on which we tread, once liv'd ;
 And we that live, must lend our carcases
 To cover our own offspring ; in their turn,
 They too must cover theirs.

The

The same in high and low estate ;
 Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er mov'd with that.
 Go, ladies, now, and if you'd be
 As fair, as great, as good as she, }
 Go, learn of her, humility *.

On a YOUNG MAN, *who died for Love, aged Twenty-
 two.*

FREE from this dream of life, this maze of care,
 Here rests the lover and the friend sincere ;
 Alive respected, lov'd by all but *one*,
 To him the same as tho' beloved by none.
 This dearer one by cruel slander strove
 To wrong his fame as she had wrong'd his love.
 From her, unkind reproaches wounded more,
 Than all the giddy turns of chance before.
 Those arrows piercing in a tender part,
 Fresh wounds inflicted on a breaking heart.
 Death saw what love, his faithful slave had done,
 And kindly finish'd what the boy begun. †

* The Sacred Scriptures declare, *he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.* Luke xiv. 11.

† Love is said to be strong as death, Solomon's Song, viii. 6, 7.
 Here it truly proved so, aided by a slanderous tongue ; how great the
 pity ! that love should be fixed on so unworthy and base an object.

*Inscription on a SINGLE LADY'S Monument, in a Church,
in Somersetshire; she died aged Forty-one.*

GO! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth;
Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish, but what the world might hear*.
Of softest manners, unaffected mind;
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go, live; for heav'n's eternal year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.
And thou, blest'd maid†! attendant on her doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give.

* 'Tis greatly to be feared this line is an exaggeration, for it is hardly to be thought, such a faultless character as this Epitaph describes, has ever existed since the fall of Adam, but in the person of Jesus Christ.

† Her companion, a lady aged twenty-eight, who died a week after her.

On

On a YOUNG LADY, in Pancras Church-yard.

GO spotless honour, and unsullied truth,
 Go smiling innocence and blooming truth ;
 Go female sweetness join'd with manly sense,
 Go winning wit that never gave offence ;
 Go soft humanity that blest the poor,
 Go saint-ey'd patience from affliction's door ;
 Go modesty that never wore a frown,
 Go virtue and receive a heav'nly crown ;
 Not from a stranger, came this heartfelt verse,
 The friend inscribes thy tomb, whose tears bedew'd
 thy hearse.

On a Noted DRUNKARD, in Essex.

BENEATH this stone a drunkard's dust is laid,
 Who drank his passing-cup, and reel'd to bed ;
 Death reach'd the bowl, and this prescription gave,
 " Dose now thy senses sober in the grave."
 Life paid the present shot ; but oh ! the fears !
 When morn awakes him to his long arrears,
 Charg'd with the revels of each former day ;
 For there's a dreadful reck'ning still to pay *.

On a LADY ; in Westminster Abbey.

HERE rests a woman good without pretence,
 Bless'd with plain reason, and with sober sense ;

* See the note on the *first* Epitaph.

No conquests she, but o'er *herself* desir'd,
 No arts essay'd, nor sought to be admir'd.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
 So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd;
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

On a LITTLE GIRL, Three Years old, in Surrey.

HERE innocence and beauty lies: whose breath
 Was snatch'd by early, not untimely, death;
 Hence was she snatch'd, just as she did begin
 Sorrow to know—before she knew to sin.
 Death that can sin and sorrow thus prevent,
 Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

On the Brave LORD HOWE.

HERE lies a matchless hero's mortal part,
 Untimely struck by death's relentless dart;
 Wisdom, and valour, virtue, honour, truth,
 And ev'ry outward grace adorn'd the youth:
 He for his country bravely dar'd to die,
 His soul too good for earth, would upwards fly.
 We who remain behind, his loss deplore;
 The brave man envies him the death he bore:
 May those who envy, imitate his ways,
 And *British* soldiers all deserve his praise.

On a YOUNG LADY, aged Seventeen, in Middlesex.

COME not, mortal, here to weep,

Bend not thus thy pensive brow;

Free from sorrow I can sleep,

Trifles can't disturb me now.

All thy little wants survey,

Every hope, and every fear,

Sigh, and turn thy steps away,

Happiness abideth here.

Tho' the dust beneath this sod,

Virtue, truth, and sense possess'd,

In the bosom of its God,

Only could the spirit rest.

Blessed angels! guard the tomb,

Purest spirits hover round;

'Till the date of Nature's doom,

Shall this spot be hallow'd ground.

On a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, bringing up for the Army.

ALAS! poor G — r! art thou gone indeed?

To fill the grave, the hungry worm to feed?

Is then that pleasing form, in early bloom,

To lie conceal'd, and moulder in the tomb?

The dreadful sentence suffer'd no repeal;

Death's icy hand impress'd the fatal seal!

When friends unnumber'd all thy worth confess'd,

When martial glory fir'd thy youthful breast;

Life's curtain dropp'd—behold the awful bier !
 Where friendship pours the tributary tear.
 Go, youthful monitor of fallen man,
 Too cruel instance of his transient span ;
 Go, and in heaven the sure asylum find,
 By God incarnate purchas'd for mankind.

On the late LORD CHATHAM.

BLESS'D with a heart, on life's exalted plan,
 Here rests the relics of a noble man ;
 Who left his virtues to the world behind,
 Grav'd, *deeply* grav'd on ev'ry Briton's mind:
 How nobly good, how just, and great he prov'd,
 How much lamented, and how dearly lov'd—
 Let ev'ry friend to British freedom tell,
 Who felt so much when he untimely fell.
 Those virtues ever shall unsully'd stand,
 'Gainst ruthless slander, rais'd by envy's hand.
 His country's muse shall hover o'er his grave,
 And for ~~her~~ sons implore his sacred shade.
 Pleas'd, view them—pay that tribute to his name,
 Which worth like *Pitt's* will ever justly claim.

*On the Death of LORD M * . aged Twenty-five,
 written by his disconsolate MOTHER.*

SWEET beaut'ous flow'r ! born but to bloom and fade,
 In what soft words, shall I address thy shade ?

How !

* The late Lord M——— was possessed of every elegant and engaging qualification. His mind was as lovely as his person; he had a
 compre-

How shall the heart, *that's bursting with despair*,
 Thy every grace, and elegance declare?
 Oh! thou wert all indulgent heav'n cou'd give,
 And when it call'd thee back, *I ceas'd to live*;
 And art thou dead? that *thunderbolt of fate*,
Oppresses! crushes! kills me—with its weight;
 My wretched race, of empty life is run,
 Farewell, ye vanities, beneath the sun;
 Ye painted shadows of a flatt'ring bliss,
 That lead to disappointment's dark abyss;
 Then leave the wretch, for ever to deplore,
 Me, ye can't cheat, for I will trust no more.
 For oh! all cold, there lies in that dark grave,
 My dearest M — *young, beautiful, and brave*;
 Pale death! thou never had'st so rich a prey,
 Since the first breaking sun, created day;
 Oh! let none thoughtless tread the sacred ground,
 Where sleeps a Christian and whom saints surround;
 May none behold this spot, without a tear,
 For all that's lovely, and belov'd, lies here.

On the late RALPH ALLEN, Esq. of Bath.

I.

ADIEU, ye sylvan scenes! tho' wont to please,
 And calm the soul with inward woe depress'd:

comprehensive understanding, and a refined wit; a native humour, that rendered him the most charming of companions, and a depth of learning that constituted him the most improving; a judgment penetrating as age, with all the frankness of youth; his temper and manners were all sweetness; and where they failed to captivate, his native dignity commanded! He seem'd born to lend delight to those that knew him, to be returned fourfold in sorrow—at his death.

Tho'

Tho' form'd the smart of piercing grief to ease;
And sooth the mind disconsolate to rest.

II.

Allen! the good, the gen'rous and the wise,
From all the glitt'ring pomp of life is fled!
Patient he clos'd in death his peaceful eyes;
Submissive fell, and mingled with the dead.

III.

Tho' born obscure, to opulence he rose,
And made his virtues with his grandeur known;
He lov'd his king, and arm'd against his foes;
He join'd his country's int'rest with his own.

IV.

His soul was great, benevolent and kind,
Of others griefs he shar'd a friendly part;
His vast munificence was unconfin'd,
His lib'ral hand display'd a gen'rous heart.

V.

Encircled round his hospitable door,
With thankful hearts and with uplifted eyes,
Fed by his bounty, stood the grateful poor,
While for his life to heav'n their prayers arise.

VI.

But now, alas! their cheeks bedew'd with tears,
And streaming eyes, the woeful loss deplore!
In each sad face anxiety appears;
Their joy is gone, for Allen is no more.

VII.

And is he gone? ah never to return,
No more to shine but in immortal fame:

The

The bursting tears shed round his sacred urn ;
Shall bear in memory his honour'd name.

VIII.

See winged seraphs lead the heav'nly way,
And guide his soul in her celestial flight ;
To realms of bliss, to never-ending day ;
To scenes of boundless joy and purest light !

On a YOUNG MAN, aged Twenty-seven, in Bunhill Fields.

SURVIVING mortals, mark this lesson well,
As none, the time when they shall die, can tell ;
To this important truth let all attend,
Each minute brings us nearer to our end ;
The silent grave does almost every day,
Some friend or neighbour claim as lawful prey ;
While ev'ry solemn knell, which sounds their fall,
Speaks death aloud, to *you*, to *me*, to *all*.

On the Death of Miss HACKET, of Bath.

CLOS'D are those eyes which beam'd seraphic fire ;
Cold is that breast which gave the world desire ;
Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd ;
Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd.
Could modest knowledge, and engaging youth,
Persuasive reason, and endearing truth ;
Could honour, shewn in friendship most refin'd,
And sense, that shields the virtue of the mind ;

The

The social temper, that detested strife,
 The height'ning graces, that embellish life,
 Could these have e'er the darts of death defy'd,
 Never—ah ! never, had Melinda dy'd !
 Nor can she die ;—e'en now survives her name ;
 Immortaliz'd by friendship, love and fame.

*On a YOUNG DISSENTING MINISTER, aged Twenty-
 two, in Suffolk.*

BENEATH this stone a lovely youth is laid,
 Who serv'd his maker, and his laws obey'd,
 Who early walk'd in wisdom's sacred ways,
 And liv'd and dy'd proclaiming Jesu's praise.

Lines written for the Tomb-stone of a private CHRISTIAN.

THE mould'ring grave, man's dernier peaceful home,
 (To which lone mansion all must surely come)
 Is but a road to realms of joy above,
 To those who share the great Redeemer's love ;
 And death a sleep from which they joyful rise,
 To everlasting bliss beyond the skies.

On a YOUTH aged Nineteen ; in Surrey.

O ! may those youths who now in pleasure roll,
 And deaf to reason act without controul ;
 While haply reading of so young a date,
 Be warn'd to purpose ere it proves too late,
 To think in earnest of a future state *.

* See Poetical Meditations among the Tombs, in a treatise entitled
Solitary Walks.

On a MARRIED LADY, who died, aged Twenty-six.

OF gentlest manners truly form'd to please ;
 The mildest temper ever blest with ease ;
 An humble mind, a gay and gen'rous heart,
 Good without shew, and lovely without art ;
 Without one thought, but did from virtue flow ;
 Without one wish, but such as heav'n might know *.
 Glad to oblige, and fearful to offend,
 A kind companion and a faithful friend ;
 To cover little failings ever prone,
 Blind to all others, conscious of her own.
 Fond to give praises, still her *own* would be
 The only merit which she could not see :
 To ev'ry vanity a constant foe ;
 She lov'd that virtue which she blush'd to show.
 In life's fair spring, so heav'n ordain'd her doom,
 Untimely hurry'd to the silent tomb.
 If beauty asks, if virtue claims a tear,
 Stop, gentle passenger, and shed it here.

*Inscription on the Monument of Dr. WALL, in the Abbey
 Church, at Bath.*

HUSBANDS, fathers, friends, and neighbours, saw
 in him a living pattern of their various duties ; and must
 ever remember the several excellencies of that heart, the
 loss of which they now so justly lament.

* See the first note in page 144.

*Inscription on Mr. QUIN's Monument, in the Abbey Church
at Bath, written by the late DAVID GARRICK, Esq.*

THAT tongue which set the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more ;
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake before the tongue, what *Shakespear* writ *.
Cold is that hand which living, was stretch'd forth,
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth ;
Here lies *James Quin* ; deign reader to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould, however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last.
The scene is chang'd, I am no more,
Death's the *last* act, now all is o'er †.

*On a LITTLE GIRL, Five Years of Age; the Author's
Daughter.*

SHORT yet how pleasing was her visit here,
She's now removed to grace a nobler sphere † ;
Cease then frail nature to lament in vain,
Reason forbids to wish her back again.

* Alluding to his being an actor.

† A late writer compares life to a comic tragedy of five acts ; viz. *infancy, youth, manhood, old age, and death* : thrice happy they ! who act their parts well, and go off the stage with the plaudit of their Maker.

‡ The buds of virtue, though nipt by the cold hand of death, shall revive again, and bloom in the world above, through the never-ceasing ages of eternity.

On

On a YOUNG LADY, in Bristol.

Let nature plead, parental fondness mourn,
 Or friendship bathe with tears *Eliza's* urn;
 While she superior to a world like this,
 With choirs angelic shares immortal bliss.

On a RELIGIOUS MAN, aged Forty-three; in a Country Church-yard.

BENEATH the verdure of this earthen chest,
 Are laid the garments of a soul undress'd,
 (The soul up-borne on angel's wings, is gone,
 To put immortal life and vigour on)
 Here 'tis decreed that they awhile must lie,
 Till time shall end, and death itself shall die.
 Then will the Saviour model them afresh *,
 And change this tatter'd raiment of the flesh
 Like to his own; for that's an heavenly mode
 Fit to enrobe a favourite of God.

On a LOVELY YOUTH, Ten Years of Age; at Hackney, in Middlesex.

WHAT's fairest, soonest meets decay,
 We rear the beauteous flower,
 It shoots, expands, is fragrant, gay †,
 And withers in an hour.

* Philip. iii: 21.

† Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
 She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

X 2

But

But human flow'rs that fade below,
 To happier climes convey'd,
 Shall spring anew, and sweetly blow,
 And never, *never* fade.
 There nourish'd by an heav'nly ray,
 The youth these lines deplore,
 Shall flourish more divinely gay,
 And bloom, to fade no more. *

Inscription on a celebrated POET's Tomb-stone, in Berkshire.

THIS modest stone what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, here lies an *honest man* :
 A poet blest'd beyond the poet's fate,
 Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great;
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science in the vale of peace ;
 Calmly he look'd on *either* life ; and *here*
 Saw nothing to regret, nor *there* to fear † ;
 From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied ;
 He liv'd respected, and lamented died.

* *This corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.* 1 Cor. xv. 53.

† Well may that man be stiled happy, who has from the sentence of God, the judge of all, every thing to hope and nothing to fear ; who has so lived upon earth to his Maker's glory, as to have good ground to believe, through the merits of Christ the resurrection and the life, he shall live with him for ever in heaven.

In-

*Inscription on a YOUNG LADY's Tomb, who died for Love,
aged Twenty-one.*

HERE early freed from sublunary care,
Rest the dear relics of a beauteous maid,
Whose yielding softness prov'd her fatal snare,
By love subdued, by faithless man betray'd.
Should the false youth observe this humble stone,
He, for whom daily Harriot vainly sigh'd;
Let him reflect, it was for him alone,
She wish'd to live; for him alone she died.

*On a YOUNG CLERGYMAN, aged Twenty-eight, at St.
Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet.*

WAS rhet'ric on the lips of sorrow hung,
Or could affliction lend the heart a tongue;
Then should my soul in noble anguish free,
Do proper justice to her grief and thee.
But ah! when loaded with a weight of woe,
E'en nature's self appears to be our foe;
When we should praise, alas! we only groan,
For sad mortality is all our own.
Yet but a word; as lowly as he lies,
He spurns all empires and asserts the skies;
Blush pow'r! he had no interest here below,
Blush malice! for he died without a foe;

The

The universal friend, so form'd t' engage,
Was far too precious for this world and age;
Years were denied, (for such his worth and truth)
Kind heav'n has call'd him to eternal youth*.

*Inscription on a PIOUS LADY'S Tomb-stone, in Gloucester-
shire.*

WHEN the great awful judgment day is come,
Death shall no longer keep thee in the tomb;
But thou shalt rise, to share eternally,
Those heav'nly joys prepar'd for saints like thee †.

*Inscription on an unfortunate GENTLEMAN'S Tomb, in War-
wickshire.*

BY heav'n preserv'd, by mortals much oppress'd,
The mind once join'd to what is now but dust,
Wearied with toils, nor e'er expecting rest,
Below the blissful mansions of the just,
Gladly her partner lodg'd beneath this stone,
Till the great day when each shall claim its own.

- . . . Thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.

ADDISON'S CATO.

† Matthew xxv. 34.

In-

*Inscription on a FREETHINKER and GAMBLER's Tomb-
stone, in Somersetshire.*

HERE lies a sceptic long in doubt,
If death would kill the soul or not,
Death ends his doubtfulness at last,
Convinc'd—but oh! the die is cast.

*Inscription on a MARRIED WOMAN's Tomb-stone, near
Ramsgate, in Kent.*

GOD who is mighty, wise, and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavier loads impose,
Beyond the strength which he bestows *.

*Inscription on the Rev. DR. TRAPP's Tomb-stone;
written by himself.*

Death! Judgment! Heaven! and Hell!
THINK Christians, think!
You stand on vast eternity's dread brink †;

* *As thy day so shall thy strength be.* Deut. xxxiii. 25.

† Anticipate the awful moment, of your bidding this world an eternal farewell. Think, what reflections will most probably arise, when you are quitting the field, and looking back on the present scene of action. In what light will your closing eyes contemplate those vanities which now shine so bright, and those interests which now swell into such high importance? What part will you *then* wish to have acted? What shall then appear momentous; what trifling, in human conduct? Let the sober sentiments which such anticipations suggest, temper now your misplaced ardour.

Let the last conclusions which you shall form, enter into the present estimate which you now make of the world, and of human life, with all its pleasures and enjoyments.

Faith

Faith and repentance seek by earnest pray'r,
 Despise *this* world, the *next* be all your care.
 Thus while my tomb the solemn silence breaks,
 And to the eye this cold dumb marble speaks;
 Tho' dead, I preach, if e'er with ill success,
 Living, I strove th' important truths to press,
 Your precious, your immortal souls to save,
 Hear me, at least, O hear me from my grave.

On a CHILD, aged Five Years and two Months, in Kent.

'TIS God that lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the grave;
 He gives, and blessed be his name,
 He takes but what he gave †.

Nascentes morimur.

Inscription on a GENTLEMAN'S Tomb, in Norwich.

TO me 'twas given to die, to thee 'tis giv'n
 To live; alas, one moment sets us ev'n.
 Mark how impartial is the will of heav'n.

*On a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, supposed to be written by his
 MOTHER.*

IF ever parent ever child was dear,
 Here, as you stop, you'll drop the tender tear;

* A real Christian will ever acknowledge with David, that God is
 just and righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works. Psalms
 cxlv. 17.

Here

Here mourn, whom, blest with sense, good-nature, truth,
 Death seiz'd, too early seiz'd, in bloom of youth;
 Religion guided with her brightest rays,
 And virtue guarded to the throne of grace.
 Hence let a mother's tears instruct the mind,
 And weep *memento mori* to mankind.

On the late HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

TURN hither, man! within this tomb,
 In peace doth Fielding rest.
 This must in time be Stanhope's doom;
 Know then, all wit's a jest.
 Learning and sense refin'd shall here
 Britannia's loss deplore;
 Humour's gay self shall drop a tear,
 And vice shall crouch no more.
 Now may she rear her shameless head,
 And throw her lures abroad,
 From earth her constant foe is fled,
 To virtue and to God.

On a YOUNG LADY, aged Sixteen.

HAD cruel death, whose harvest is each hour,
 But stopt a while to view this lovely flow'r,
 In pity he had turn'd his scythe away,
 And left her standing till another day;
 But ruthless he mow'd on, and she, alas!
 Too soon fell with'ring with the common grass.

On a YOUNG LADY, aged Twenty; in Dorsetshire.

MARK, ye virgins, my select friends, and companions ! If blooming youth, if the most tender affection of parents, and the love of brothers ; if abundance of wealth ; if a large circle of friends, would have availed any thing, I had still continued among you ; but God would have it otherwise. Therefore take this warning from me, and learn to distrust a flatt'ring world.

Inscription on SOPHRON's Tomb, in Somersetshire.

SOPHRON, the learn'd, the pious, is no more,
 Nor can the most pathetic grief restore
 The transient joy ! he was but lent to show,
 What wond'rous gifts th' Almighty can bestow !
 O lovely pattern of untainted youth !
 O bright resemblance of celestial truth !
 In thee the virtues social and divine,
 In early life did eminently shine ;
 Increasing years thy graces still improv'd,
 And render'd thee at once, rever'd and lov'd :
 In thy pure soul, sound reason duly sway'd,
 While all inferior appetites obey'd :
 Just sentiments of honour warm'd thy breast,
 In ev'ry action of thy life confess'd ;
 Honour, conducted by religion's plan,
 Blended the Christian with the gentleman *.
 Such Sophron was ; then hush'd be ev'ry sigh,
 For know he reigns in blissful realms on high,
 With kindred spirits never more to die.

* May every reader of this Epitaph endeavour to be what it describes.

On a very Promising YOUTH, Eighteen Years of Age.

A Youth entomb'd beneath this marble lies,
 Discreetly good, and practically wise;
 A zealous Christian, and a friend sincere;
 To others gentle, to himself severe;
 Mature as Autumn, sweet as smiling May,
 Politely solid, rationally gay;
 Made up of kindness, unalloy'd with gall,
 Who, all men loving, was belov'd by all.
 His soul requir'd, he calmly did resign,
 With chearful patience to the will divine,
 Which God Almighty early call'd to rise,
 From virtue here, to glory in the skies.

On a LITTLE GIRL, Six Years Old.

EARLY in life I breath'd my last,
 The longest lives are quickly past.

On MISS STANLEY, by Mr. J. THOMSON.

HERE Stanley, rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
 Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
 Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
 And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
 No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
 Lights thy sick eye to cheat a parent's grief;
 With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
 No more thy bosom presses down its own:

Now, well-earn'd peace is thine and bliss sincere,
 Our's be the lenient, not unpleasing tear.
 O born to bloom ! then sink beneath the storm,
 To shew us virtue in her fairest form ;
 To shew us artless reason's moral reign,
 What boastful science arrogates in vain ;
 Th' obedient passions knowing each their part,
 Calm light the head, and harmony the heart.
 Yes, we must follow soon ; we'll glad obey,
 When a few suns have roll'd their cares away :
 Tir'd with vain life, we'll close the willing eye ;
 'Tis the great birth-right of mankind to die.
 Bless'd be the bark ! that wafts us to the shore,
 Where death divided friendship parts no more.
 To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
 Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

On a YOUNG MAN, aged Twenty-three.

HERE, reader, mark ! perhaps now in thy prime,
 The stealing steps of never-standing time :
 Thou'lt be what I am ; catch the *present* hour,
 Employ that well, for that's within thy pow'r*.

On a YOUTH, aged Ten Years and Eight Months.

HENCEFORTH, be ev'ry tender tear suppress'd ;
 Or let us weep for joy, that he is bless'd ;
 From grief to bliss, from earth to heav'n remov'd,
 His mem'ry honour'd, as his life belov'd.

* Improve the present time, for *to-morrow* thou mayest never see.

That

That heart, o'er which no evil e'er had pow'r ;
That disposition, sickness could not four ;
That sense, so oft to riper years deny'd ;
That patience, heroes might have own'd with pride.
His painful race undauntedly he ran,
And, on th' *eleventh* winter, dy'd a man.

On a MAN of great Learning.

HERE lies the man, whom gen'rous nature blest'd,
With all the charms that ever man possess'd * ;
To those were join'd, what study could dispense,
Learning, and all th' accomplishments of sense :
But vain is grief ; for nature's equal laws,
Require effects should follow from their cause :
Mortals, when once above their rank they rise,
Must leave this world, and settle in the skies.

Inscription on a Tomb-stone in Yorkshire.

REMEMBER ! brethren, who pass by,
You in the grave ere long must lie,
Sooner, perhaps, than you expect ;
Hereon then seriously reflect.
And wisely spend the little span,
Of life, as well as e'er you can.
Else, of unbounded heav'nly bliss,
You'll be not only sure to miss,

* The Editor cannot but think this is saying too much of any man.

But

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* The Editor cannot but think this is saying too much of any man.

But

But suffer too (O sad to tell !)
Fierce, everlasting flames in hell.
A doom so dreadful to prevent,
Before it be too late, repent.

Inscription on the Tomb of an eminent CHRISTIAN, in Lancashire.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this assurance gives ;
Reader, may you to this attain,
This soul-reviving knowledge gain ;
That when your time on earth is o'er,
And you shall weep and mourn no more ;
You may, when you are call'd to die,
For ever live with him on high.

*On a LITTLE GIRL, Six Years Old; supposed to be written
by her MOTHER.*

O! born to bless and die, in temper mild,
In sense a woman, tho' in age a child,
In whom love, innocence, and beauty shin'd,
Clear from those clouds of vice which shade the mind.
Beheld, admir'd, and lost, thy parent's pride,
Who never gave them grief but when you died ;
Justly bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by heav'n,
Wherein a better happier state is giv'n ;
This last sad mark of my fond love receive,
The only mark of love I now can give ;
Who to thy mem'ry consecrate this stone,
And speak thy mother's sorrows in my own.

On

On a BLACKSMITH, in Norwich.

MY sledge and hammer are reclin'd,
My bellows too have lost their wind;
My fire's extinguish'd; forge decay'd;
And in the dust my vice is laid;
My coal is spent; my iron gone;
The last nail's driv'n, my work is done*.

*On a GENTLEMAN, who was the Architect of his own
Fortune †.*

YE sons of industry learn hence, and know,
How far in fortune, patient hope may go.
By safe degrees, on honour's firm ascent,
How climbing care, at last, will reach content.
Yet, ah! when up, forget not want below,
But stretch your helping hand to distant woe.
So rose the man whose dust makes rich this place;
He gain'd with honour, and he gave with grace.
Alive, unenvy'd; dead, unlost he lies;
For know a good man's influence never dies.

Inscription on a Tomb-stone, in Bunhill Fields.

OFT have I stood as you stand now,
To view the graves as you view mine;
Think, thou must soon be laid as low,
And others stand to gaze at thine.

* This Epitaph seems to be written only to display the wit of its author, not to instruct or edify the readers of it, which should be the only intention and design of Epitaphs in general.

† Under the blessing of heaven upon his industry.

Inscription on a Tomb-stone, in Norwich.

'TIS mine to-day to moulder in the tomb,
To-morrow may thy awful summons come ;
Thus fall, and sleep secure ! awake, or know,
Thy dreams will terminate in endless woe ;
Wake, and contend for heaven's immortal prize,
And give to God each moment as it flies *.
Serene then may'st thou recollect the past,
And with a sacred transport meet the last.

On a LADY, in Pancras Church-yard.

HER mortal pains and griefs are o'er,
And life's fierce storms are past,
Safely she reach'd the heav'nly shore,
Where joys unfading last.

Inscription on a Tomb-stone, in Islington Church-yard.

HAIL sacred grave ! be loyal to thy trust,
Till my dear Lord revives my sleeping dust ;
Then as a faithful steward safe restore,
That precious treasure thou can'st keep no more †.

* Would to God the advice this Epitaph gives, was followed by all who read it.

† Psalm cxvi. 15. John v. 28, 29.

Inscription on the Tomb of a GENTLEMAN, in Hertfordshire.

ALL an accomplish'd body lends mankind,
 From earth receiving, he to earth resign'd;
 All that e'er grac'd a soul, from heav'n he drew,
 And took back with him as an angel's due *.

On a LITTLE GIRL, Five Years Old, in ditto.

SOFT as the balm the gentlest gale distils,
 Sweet as the fragrance of the new-mown hills;
 Her op'ning mind a thousand charms reveal'd,
 Proof of those thousands which were yet conceal'd;
 The loveliest flower in nature's garden plac'd,
 Permitted just to bloom then pluck'd in haste,
 Angels beheld her ripe for joys to come,
 And took, by God's command, their sister home.

On an amiable YOUTH, aged Eighteen.

HERE lies a youth, (ah wherefore breathless lies)
 Learn'd, without pride, and diffidently wise;
 Mild to all faults, which from weak nature flow'd,
 Fond of all virtues, wherefoe'er bestow'd.
 Who never gave, nor slightly took offence,
 The best good nature, and the best good sense;
 Who living hop'd, and dying felt no fears,
 His only sting of death, a parent's tears.

* It is well if this Epitaph contains no more than was *true* respecting the deceased; such exalted characters are very rarely to be met with.

Inscription on a Monument in the Abbey Church of Bath.

IF gentlest manners sweet good nature's ease,
If placid virtue with strong sense can please,
Here reader pause, nor check the swelling sigh;
Nor stop the tear which bursting from the eye,
Will mourn with me they were not longer given,
To bless the earth and seek a later heaven.

On a MARRIED LADY, in ditto.

A loving wife,
A tender mother,
A devout Christian,
Gentleness of manners,
Chearfulness of temper, and
Innocency of life,
Enabled her to pass through this world
without anxiety,
And to leave it with resignation,
In the pleasing hopes of a better ;
In the *thirty-ninth* year of her age.

On the sudden Death of a YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

CALL'd in an instant by a father's love,
The heav'n-born soul takes its swift flight above;
Guarded by seraphs thro' th' ethereal road,
Soon he arrives at Zion's blest abode :

Joyful

Joyful he enters, while, with wond'ring eyes,
 He views the glorious place with much surprize :
 Approaching angels, with a smiling face,
 Bid him sweet welcome to the blifsful place,
 While loud Hosannas rend th' unbounded space.

}

*Inscription on an OLD GENTLEMAN's Tomb, in the county
 of Stafford.*

READER, with awe look down and learn
 In time true wisdom to discern ;
 Lo ! underneath here lies interr'd
 An upright man who seldom err'd ;
 He rests in peace and with the just
 Shall rise in glory from the dust ;
 His pleasure was his Maker's praise,
 In pious acts he spent his days ;
 Just, charitable, good and wise,
 A friend sincere without disguise ;
 With meekness he resign'd his breath,
 And triumph'd in the views of death ;
 His soul is fled to joys immense ;
 To mourn, would sure be great offence * .
 But oh ! how good, his steps to trace,
 And end like him our Christian race ;

* To mourn the loss of dear relatives or beloved friends is very natural, and countenanced by the weeping of Jesus on the death of Lazarus ; but to murmur, repine, or wish them back again, is a tacit arraignment of the wisdom and dealings of Almighty God, (who does all things well), and therefore cannot but be sinful.

To keep t'wards heaven a constant eye,
 In faith like him to live and die;
 And when we from the dust awake,
 Of endless glory to partake.

On a YOUNG MAN, in Somersetshire, who died for Love.

CONSIGN'D to dust, beneath this humble stone,
 In manhood's prime is hapless Damon laid;
 Who liv'd in yonder cot, almost unknown,
 In bleak misfortune's melancholy shade.
 Lov'd by the sylvan muse, but lov'd in vain,
 'Twas female beauty drew his ruin on,
 He saw young Daphne on the neighb'ring plain,
 He lov'd, believ'd, and was alas! undone.
 Beneath this humble stone the youth is laid,
 O greet his ashes with a tender tear;
 May heaven with blessings ever crown his shade,
 And grant that welcome peace he wanted here.

On a Poor labouring MAN, in a Church-yard, in Lincolnshire.

THE swain who liv'd in yonder cot,
 Lies buried near this verdant spot,
 With his industrious faithful wife,
 He trod the vale of humble life;
 Nor knew the cares that ever wait,
 On grandeur, eminence and state*;

* Riches increase anxiety and cares, unknown to the sons and daughters of rustic poverty.

Here

Here village girls at ev'ning hour,
Shall strew the newly gather'd flower,
And shepherd lads assemble here,
To drop a sympathetic tear.

*An Epitaph in a Church-yard, in Hertfordshire, by the Au-
thor of the NIGHT THOUGHTS.*

IF fond of what is rare, attend !
Here lies an *honest man*,
Of perfect piety,
Of lamblike patience,
My friend *J. Barker*,
To whom I pay this mean memorial
For what deserves the greatest.
An example,
Which shone thro' all the clouds of fortune ;
Illustrious in low estate ;
The lesson and reproach of those above him.
To lay this little stone is my ambition ;
While others rear the polish'd *marbles* of the *great*,
Vain pomp !
A turf o'er *virtue* charms us more.

*A supposed Address of a YOUNG LADY, deceased, to her
BROTHER.*

COME, brother, come !—true rest is only here,
Where reigns a joy no martyr bought too dear ;
The weary here in peace their eyelids close ;
Here the distress'd are freed from galling woes,
And wretched mortals find a sweet repose.

}
Then,

Then, brother, come! oh! quickly come away!
 Let no vain terrors form a late delay.
 Let pure religion all thy thoughts employ,
 She, holy maid! will every fear destroy;
 Thro' all thy life, with soothing care attend,
 And when thy soul draws near its destin'd end,
 Vanquish'd by her, death's stings shall flee away,
 Like night's black shadows at th' approach of day*.

*Lines written on the Tomb-stone of THREE CHILDREN,
 buried in one Grave; in Bolton Church-yard, in Lanca-
 shire.*

NOR youth, nor age, nor beauty can,
 Evade the sentence past on man;
 Then parents dear, from grief refrain,
 For we thro' Christ shall live again.

On a YOUTH, aged Sixteen, in ditto.

ALAS! how frail is mortal man,
 His time on earth is but a span;
 Then look and learn as you pass by,
 Both how to live and how to die.

* Religion, Providence, an after state;
 Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
 This can support us,
 His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
 And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Elegiac

Elegiac Lines on the Death of a YOUNG LADY, aged Nineteen.

SHE's gone to heav'n, her soul has wing'd its flight,
 From grief and gloom, to realms of joy and light.
 Delia no more shall pain, or sickness, know,
 For death has clos'd the scene of mortal woe;
 Clasp'd the fair virgin in his icy arms,
 And triumph'd o'er a world of faded charms;
 Affrighted at his touch, see beauty flies,
 Pale grows the cheek, and dim the sparkling eyes;
 Those lips, which late could every care beguile,
 Have lost their rubies, and forgot to smile;
 And what was late with softest music hung,
 Now ever silent, lies a lifeless tongue.

View this, ye fair!—nor be of charms too vain,
 They fly with sickness, and they fade with pain.
 Relentless death, nor youth, nor charms can move,
 Deaf to the cries of beauty and of love *;
 Or Delia still had blest our earthly plains;
 Stranger to sickness, and exempt from pains;
 For she had all the human mind could form,
 To please the senses, or the heart to warm;
 Good sense and nature, with the sweetest grace,
 The strictest virtue, and the fairest face;
 Blest'd in her conduct, and by heav'n approved;
 By all lamented, as by all beloved.

* None from the mortal stroke of death can save,
 All fall alike, the *wealthy, fair, and brave*.

*On a YOUNG LADY, aged Twenty-one, in Ramsgate
Church-yard, in Kent; written by her FATHER.*

THE virtuous quit this toilsome life, assured of higher
bliss; so died my Anna; her firm unclouded faith, cheared
her departing soul*, and soothed her early loss of youth-
ful life and love.

THE TEARS OF HYGEIA.

On the Death of an Eminent PHYSICIAN, in Dorsetshire.

AN ELEGY.

AS late I stray'd beneath the mountains brow,
Where contemplation's secret haunts appear,
The plaintive strains of sentimental woe,
In softest notes assail'd my list'ning ear.
Intent I stood, to hear the mournful sound,
My bosom heav'd with pity's kindest sigh;
And as I view'd the lonely scenes around,
Health blooming goddess! caught my roving eye.
Sweet was her aspect, gentle was her mein,
Though sorrow's clouds o'erspread her youthful face,
No fairer virgin ever trod the green,
Or stray'd along with more enchanting grace.

* Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore,
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

“ 'Tis

“ 'Tis done! she cry'd—to grief devote the day,

“ Let heart-felt sorrow pour the willing tear;

“ Let fond affection raise the tender lay,

“ And form a wreath for Sophron's early bier.

“ Lately we saw him full of harmless glee,

“ To social joys devote the fleeting hour;

“ But now, alas! a lifeless corpse we see,

“ The sad remains of death's relentless pow'r.

“ Of late fair science fir'd his godlike mind,

“ And every virtue in his bosom shone,

“ There friendly pity beam'd with aspect kind;

“ There sweet benevolence had fix'd her throne.

“ But now fair science warms that breast no more,

“ No more that bosom burns with virtue's flame;

“ The flatt'ring pomp, the joys of life are o'er;

“ And nought is left but an illustrious name.

“ Ye poor afflicted, mourn his early fall;

“ Ye helpless orphans, raise the plaintive strain;

“ Weep o'er his grave, for well he lov'd you all,

“ Supplied your wants, and oft reliev'd your pain *.

“ Ye sons of learning, as ye pass along,

“ One friendly tear, one sigh of sorrow give;

“ And ye who sweetly swell the rapt'rous song,

“ Record his worth, and bid his virtue live.”

* He was justly esteemed for his philanthropy and benevolence to the poor.

On a LITTLE GIRL whose Name was ROSE.

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
 Blasted before its bloom ;
 Whose innocence did sweets disclose,
 Beyond that flow'r's perfume.
 To those, who for her loss are griev'd ;
 This consolation's giv'n ;
 She's from all earthly grief reliev'd,
 And blooms a rose in heav'n.

*On an amiable WIFE ; supposed to be written by her
HUSBAND.*

IF worth and virtue e'er deserv'd a tear,
 Stop, gentle traveller, and shed it here.
 For tho' no glare of titles can bestow,
 Substantial honour on the dust below ;
 Vain is at best fame's most exalted breath,
 Say, what is rank, or dignity in death !
 Yet these cold relics formerly possess'd,
 The noblest virtues of the human breast ;
 Rose up the whitest character in life,
 The tenderest mother and the fondest wife ;
 So lothe to blame, so ready to commend,
 She never made a foe, nor lost a friend :
 To bear her last no hapless name was known,
 Nor worth to pass unnotic'd but her own.
 To her, whose name must be for ever dear,
 The weeping husband rears the marble here.
 Convinc'd all eyes must sadden at the view,
 And think his loss is human nature's too.

On Mrs. M. ANGEL, in Stepney Church-yard.

TO say an angel here interr'd doth lie,
 May be thought strange, for angels never die.
 Indeed some fell from heav'n to hell,
 Are lost and rise no more:
 This only fell from death to earth,
 Not lost, but gone before.

Inscription on a YOUNG LADY'S Tomb-stone, in St. Pancras Parish, in Middlesex.

HERE lies Miss S. W. aged eight years and nine months.
 Hence children learn, 'tis God's decree,
Childhood and youth are vanity * ;
 Let young and old, both rich and poor,
 A crown of endless life secure,
 Thro' faith in Christ, the sinner's friend,
 That when this present life shall end,
 They may immortal bliss obtain,
 And death prove their *eternal gain* †.

A SOLILOQUY ; on viewing the Tomb of a deceased Friend.

SOON will the awful hour appear,
 When I must quit my dwelling here ;
 These active limbs, to worms a prey,
 In the cold grave must waste away.

* Eccles. xi. 10.

† Philip. i. 21.

Nor shall I share in all that's done,
 In this wide world beneath the sun.
 To distant climes, and seats unknown,
 My naked spirit must be gone;
 No room for penitence and prayer,
 No farther preparation there
 Can e'er be made; the thought is vain,
 My state unalter'd must remain.
 Awake, my soul, without delay,
 That if God summon thee this day,
 Thou cheerful at his call may'st rise,
 And spring to life beyond the skies.

*To the Memory of C J of Claybrook, in
 Leicestershire, aged Thirty-eight.*

HERE in the earth's cold bosom lies entomb'd
 A man, whose sense by every virtue grac'd,
 Made each harmonious muse obey his lyre:
 Nor shall th' erasing hand of powerful *Time*
 Obliterate his name, dear to each tuneful breast,
 And dearer still to soft humanity;
 For oft the sympathetic tear would start
 Unbidden from his eye; another's woe
 He read, and felt it as his own.

Reader!

It is not flattery or pride that rais'd
 To his remains this modest stone: nor yet
 Did partial fondness trace these humble lines,
 But weeping friendship, taught by truth alone,
 To give, if possible, in future days,

A faint

A faint idea to the race to come,
That here reposeth all the mortal part
Of one, who only liv'd to make his friends,
And all the world, regret he e'er should die.

*To the Memory of C DICEY, of Leicestershire, aged
Sixty.*

O thou, or friend or stranger, who shalt tread
These solemn mansions of the silent dead ;
Think, when this record to enquiring eyes
No more shall tell the spot where Dicey lies ;
When this frail marble, faithless to its trust,
Mould'ring itself, resigns its moulder'd dust ;
When time shall fail, and nature feel decay,
And earth, and sun, and skies, dissolve away ;
The soul this consummation shall survive,
Defy the wreck, and but *begin* to live :
Oh pause ! reflect, repent, resolve, amend !
Life has no length—eternity no end.

*Inscription on the Monument of MISS THICKNESSE *.*

READER, if youth should sparkle in thine eye,
If on thy cheek the flower of beauty flows ;
Here shed the tear, and heave the pensive sigh,
Where beauty, youth, and innocence repose.

* Miss Thicknesse, a young woman of rare endowments, is buried behind a rude Gothic arch erected to the memory of the unfortunate youth, Thomas Chatterton, at St. Catherine's Hermitage, near Bath, over which is cut, in dome relief, a profile head of Chatterton, from a design of Miss Thicknesse's.

Doth

Doth wit adorn thy mind? doth science pour
 Its ripen'd bounties on thy vernal year?
 Behold where death has cropp'd the plenteous store,
 And heave the sigh, and shed the pensive tear.
 Do music's dulcet notes speak on thy tongue?
 And do thy fingers sweep the sounding lyre?
 Behold, where low she lies, who sweetly sung
 The melting strains a cherub might inspire.
 Of youth, of beauty then, be vain no more,
 Of music's power, of wit and learning's prize;
 For while you read, those charms may all be o'er,
 And ask to share the grave where Anna lies.

On the Rev. Mr. JAMES, aged Twenty-seven.

A feeble muse, made feebler still by pain,
 Can write what friends alone may not disdain;
 Yet will I, in these broken, tear-stain'd lays,
 Sketch some faint outlines of this good man's praise.
 His great and various learning well might claim
 The fairest eulogies bestow'd by fame:
 For deepest sciences enrich'd his mind,
 With all politer lit'rature combin'd.
 But poor the praise which knowledge can impart,
 Compar'd with that resulting from the heart!
 'Twas here he shone. Learning, in his wise plan,
 Serv'd but to make him still a better man.
 Weep not, ye friends; weep not, thou much-lov'd wife!
 'Tis wronging him to mourn his scanty life;

For

For what to him could added years bestow,
 Save the sweet pow'r of doing good below?
 His virtues count, and, short as was his span,
 He died at *twenty-seven* a good old man.

On a COUNTRY CLERGYMAN, aged *Forty-two*;
in Imitation of Dr. GOLDSMITH.

A man he was, who own'd religion's sway;
 Unlike the pastors of the present day.
 No worldly gain was he e'er taught to prize;
 His motive, virtue; and his aim, the skies.
 With doctrines sound his hearers souls he reach'd;
 "And, strange to tell, he *practis'd* what he preach'd*."
 When starving beggars for assistance pray'd,
 His friendly arm their wretched wand'rings staid.
 No suppliant's pray'r e'er pass'd unheeded by;
 Tear answer'd tear, and sigh succeeded sigh.
 Altho' no lover of the strolling race,
 As pity call'd, he heard each dubious case;
 If false, dismiss'd them from his grateful fare,
 Since misery only gain'd admittance there.
 But if their story, told devoid of art,
 Without a colouring reach'd the tender heart,
 Then with what love, what eagerness, what zeal,
 He strove their sorrows, and their griefs to heal!

* Would to God this was applicable to every Preacher of God's word: but alas! how many Clergymen have too much reason to say to their hearers, what was not long ago actually said in the pulpit, by a Clergyman of well-known bad character, in the metropolis, *Do as I say, and not as I do!!!*

Declar'd

Declar'd the means to bear affliction's rod,
 And taught subjection to the will of God.
 Whene'er his parish from their duty swerv'd,
 Their passions, vices, inclinations serv'd,
 He with a care paternal urg'd reclaim,
 In just proportion to his gen'rous aim;
 Argued from reason's, then from Scripture's laws;
 A great defender of a greater cause;
 When sickness rag'd from door to door he went,
 His aid to all with equal pleasure lent;
 With love-benign administer'd relief,
 And truly joy'd to mitigate their grief.
 As to these duties, so to others true,—
 His every action like the notic'd few,
 Free from ambition, envy, pride, or strife,
 He pass'd in solitude—a godly life:
 Till death approaching led his soul away,
 From dreary regions—to eternal day.

ELEGIAC STANZAS *to the Memory of* OPHELIA H

Written by her LOVER.

COULD virtue's power repel the hand of death,
 Could goodness chace the sickly fiend away;
 Still might Ophelia draw unfullied breath,
 Nor claim the sad, the heart-dissolving lay.
 But, ah! stern fate not virtue's power can move,
 Nor goodness soothe the fiend with ghastly mien:
 The friend we cherish, and the maid we love,
 When these command, must quit the vital scene.

Such

Such was Ophelia—(from our scene retir'd)—

Let truth, let worth, revere the sacred name :

Her least ambition was to be admir'd ;

And all that pomp can give, her least of fame.

No pride, save noble, gen'rous pride, she knew ;

Patient she heard the tale of virtuous woe ;

The rooted thorn from sorrow's bosom drew,

And bade the tear of anguish cease to flow.

Ne'er did dejection shun her pure abode,

Nor misery fly insulted from her door ;

Her stream of wealth in bounty's channel flow'd,

And pour'd the tide of plenty on the poor.

These shall the tear of grateful mem'ry give,

Sincere and felt as is the muse's strain :

Long in the breast of anguish shall she live,

But ne'er to shed her healing balm again !

For M no more can pleasure find a charm ;

Nor peace allure him to her flow'ry seats :

Heart-piercing woes stern reason's power disarm,

And life's red tide in wild disorder beats.

Deep groves alone receive his sighs profound,

Where dew-drops mingle with the falling tear ;

Where poplars strew their yellow leaves around,

As if to grace Ophelia's silent bier.

Ophelia's name is whisper'd through the shade,

Where flowerets droop, or all unheeded bloom ;

While the sad swain, to many a pensive maid,

Repeats the verse that's graven on her tomb.

*On an amiable WIFE, aged Thirty-three; written by her
HUSBAND.*

ADIEU, my dear, my earliest love, adieu !
The dream of tender care and bliss is fled—
Fled are the calm delights I shar'd with you,
And every charm of life with you is dead :
No more the tuneful magic of thy song
Shall sooth the sorrows of my heart to rest ;
No more the soft persuasion of thy tongue
To love and rapture shall awake my breast.
But soon the fated period of my stay,
In lonely exile from the blest and thee
Will come— Oh how my soul shall hail the day,
Which from this weary life shall set it free !
Then both, I trust, eternal bliss shall prove,
In praise to God, and everlasting love.

To the Memory of E. B. in Twickenham Church-yard.

AS soon as she could reason on the rules
Of her duty, she
Began her care to observe them ;
Recommending the religion she professed,
By its uniform influence on her conduct. *
Her faith was approved by her obedience,
Her excellent principles by correspondent morals :

* As a tree is known by its fruit, so is religion, by its influence on the lives and practice of its professors.

The life she led in the most corrupt times,
Would have done her honour in the purest.

Devout, retired, mortified,
Yet ever easy, pleased, chearful,
Censuring only by excelling,
Possessing, but to distribute;

Glad to discover what she might commend in others;
Overlooking no worth, except her own.

Such she lived consistent throughout;
Wholly intent on preparing for a better world;
Which death called her to in her 35th year.

Reader!

You have here no detail of her descent and alliances;
This monument is raised to no worth she *borrowed*;
To that alone which will be in her rewarded,
And should by you be imitated.

Inscription on a MINISTER'S Tomb in Monmouthshire.

THIS plain and humble tomb no flatt'ry knows,
The last proud gift which vice on vice bestows;
Yet dares one sweet and glorious truth impart,
Transcribe the glowing lecture on thy heart.
Hast thou that powerful faith which works by love,
And, dead to sense, still points to thrones above?
Feed the warm hope, which pure religion gives,
Nor fear to die, thou whose Redeemer lives.

*On a YOUNG LADY, who died in the Tenth Year of her
Age, in Devonshire.*

HOW fleeting, frail, and transient are our days,
Each hope, each pleasure suddenly decays.
If virtue could but rescue from the grave,
And dove-like innocence had pow'r to save;
Here, by her tender parents' early aid,
Each in this lovely child, was soon display'd:
In her the sister graces seem'd combin'd,
Young as she was, to decorate her mind:
But death's a common debt we all must pay,
Both good and bad the summons must obey;
'Ere *ten* short years the happy child had try'd
This mortal world, she lik'd it not, and dy'd.
Fond parents cease, the falling tears restrain,
Cease to lament her fate, cease to complain;
Amongst the glorious saints in heav'n she's blest,
With endless joy, and everlasting rest.

On a YOUNG GENTLEMAN in a Church at Bath.

REST, sacred shade! I bring no pompous lays
To swell thy virtues with vain human praise.
Bless'd with thy God, in heav'n enjoy him still,
As 'twas thy study here to do his will.

*On a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged Eighteen, in St. Giles's
Church-yard.*

A youth entomb'd beneath this marble lies,
Discreetly good, and practically wise;

A zealous

A zealous Christian, and a friend sincere;
 To others gentle, to himself severe;
 Mature as *Autumn*, sweet as smiling *May*,
 Politely solid, rationally gay;
 Made up of kindness, unalloy'd with gall,
 Who all men loving, was lov'd by all.
 His soul requir'd, he calmly did resign,
 With chearful patience to the will divine;
 Which in reward was early call'd to rise,
 From virtue here, to glory in the skies.

On a YOUNG MAN, who was killed by an Accident.

CONSIDER, that 'ere long you must
 Depart, and soon return to dust;
 Or, suddenly, as well as I,
 By some sad accident may die.
 And in this world, as none can tell,
 How short a time he is to dwell,
 O! let it be your chiefest care,
 For *death* and *judgment* to prepare.

Inscription on a Tomb-stone, in Hertfordshire.

ADJUDG'D to bliss, the saints shall rise,
 To meet their Saviour in the skies,
 And live where pleasure never dies.
 Condemn'd, the sinners shrink to hell,
 The sad reverse consider well,
 "With endless burnings who can dwell?"

Inscription

*Inscription intended for a QUAKER'S Tombstone, in
Yorkshire.*

REMEMBER ! brethren, who pass by,
You in the grave 'ere long must lie,
Sooner, perhaps, than you expect ;
Hereon pray seriously reflect ;
And wisely spend the little span
Of life, as well as e'er you can ;
Else of eternal heav'nly bliss,
You'll be not only sure to miss,
But suffer too (O sad to tell !)
Fierce, everlasting flames in hell.
A doom so dreadful to prevent,
Before it be too late, *repent*, *

Meditations on the Approach of Death, by a LADY.

THAT awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here,
Will vanish from my closing eyes.
Death calls my friends and neighbours hence,
None can resist the fatal dart ;
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to reach my heart ?
Shall gay amusements rise between,

* The Sacred Scriptures assures us, that eternal happiness or misery, will be the portion of all mankind after this life, according to their principles and practice here below ; this proves the absolute necessity for repentance and reformation to be urg'd on all.

When

When scenes of horror spread around ?
 Death's pointed arrows fly unseen,
 But ah ! how sure, how deep they wound !
 Think, O my soul ! how much depends
 On the short period of a day ;
 Shall time, which heav'n in mercy lends,
 Be negligently thrown away ?
 Lord, teach me the celestial skill,
 Each awful warning to improve ; *
 And while my days are short'ning still
 Prepare me for the joys above.

Reflections on Death, addressed to the FAIR SEX.

NOTHING's more true than what the poet sings,
 " The grave's no flatt'rer : " peasants, heroes, kings,
 The haughty monarch and th' ignoble slave,
 Sleep undistinguish'd in the silent grave.
 'Tis there th' afflicted rest from all their woes,
 There wearied trav'lers undisturb'd repose.
 Ah ! what avails of birth the boasted pride !
 From whom descended, or to whom allied,
 It matters not, none can the shock withstand,
 Elude the dart, or stay th' uplifted hand ;
 If death, who strikes fools, madmen, or divines,
 Mocks their proud hopes, and thwarts their rash designs ;
 The patriot's plans, the schemes of tyrant pow'r,
 The warrior's triumph, miser's golden show'r ;
 The half-starv'd poet's dream of endless fame,
 (Incessant toiling for a deathless name,)

* Psalm xc. 12.

When

When death appoints the moment, all are o'er,
 All cease to please; e'en beauty charms no more.
 Then from Amanda's cheek the roses fly,
 Hush'd the sweet voice, and clos'd the sparkling eye;
 To dull oblivion ev'ry charm's resign'd,
 What stole the heart, and what enslav'd the mind.
 No more her faultless form shall beaux admire;

No more her beauty tuneful bards inspire;
 Snatch'd from th' admiring world, in youth's fair bloom,
 To the cold mansions of the silent tomb. *
 Then, if to folly's shrine the fair one bow'd,
 If in her breast unlawful passions glow'd,
 Sad is her fate, doom'd to those hideous plains,
 Where one unvary'd scene of mis'ry reigns.

Virtue's, its own reward, by all allow'd,
 And to be happy, needs but to be good.
 Then shall the fair, who treads in virtue's ways,
 And bids each action speak her Maker's praise,
 Sooner or later summon'd from this stage,
 Blooming in youth, or crown'd with hoary age,
 Serenely smiling at th' approach of death,
 Without a sigh, in peace resign her breath;
 Her happy soul to realms celestial soar,
 While grief subsides, and troubles vex no more,

*On a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, who died in the Twentieth
 Year of his Age.*

HERE Florio lies, who in his April morn,
 Had so much virtue, piety, and truth,
 That in the vicious age when he was born,
 His features only testified his youth,

* She died in the 26th year of her age.

While

While all admiring, gaz'd at worth so rare,
 Death darted by mistake his fatal sting ;
 For seeing fruit so very ripe and fair,
 He took for *Autumn* what was only *Spring*.*

ELEGIAC LINES *on the Death of a YOUNG LADY, in
 the Twenty-first Year of her Age ; by MISS SCOTT.*

OH ever beauteous ! ever dear ! farewell,
 How much I lov'd, in vain the muse would tell ;
 How vast my grief no language can impart,
 Nor tell the anguish of my bleeding heart.
 While fancy dwells on thy untimely bier,
 Still sigh succeeds to sigh, and tear to tear ;
 Oh ! fled for ever from these longing eyes,
 But fled, blest thought ! to thy congenial skies.
 While lost in woe, o'er thy dear relics bend,
 The hopeless parent, and the hopeless friend ;
 Fond memory calls thy numerous virtues o'er,
 And dwells on charms they must behold no more.

Fair as the first mild blossoms of the spring,
 Sweet as the zephyrs balmy breathing wing ;
 The duteous daughter, and the friend still dear,
 The gentle mien, and oh !—the heart sincere ;
 Alike averse to flatt'ry or disguise,
 Thus shone thy soul conspicuous in thine eyes ;
 Oh ! fatal change, the source of daily pain,
 That bids this bosom agonize in vain.

* This epitaph closes with a compliment on the deceased at the expense of truth ; for death (or rather God who appoints it) could not be mistaken respecting his *age*, however great his acquirements might be.

With thee how happy pass'd the fleeting hours,
 How gay my soul, how vig'rous all her pow'rs!
 While friendship ev'ry trifling joy endear'd,
 And nature all a paradise appear'd.

No more shalt thou sustain my drooping head,
 When death and danger hover round my bed;
 No more alas! thy soothing voice impart,
 The balm of pity to my wounded heart.
 No more shalt thou divide my ev'ry care,
 Sigh when I sigh, and give me tear for tear;
 And make each joy more exquisitely dear.

Oh! ye past scenes of ever new delight,
 For ever ye are vanish'd from my sight;
 Yes—in the grave my lovely Celia lies,
 All mute her voice, for ever clos'd her eyes.
 All cold the tender hand wont to impart,
 The gift of bounty to the care-worn heart:
 Oh! cruel death!—but yet be calm my breast,
 Thy Celia triumphs now among the blest.
 Faith long had taught her gen'rous soul t' aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of fond desire;
 With steady eye those blest abodes t' explore,
 Where guilt, grief, pain, and death intrude no more.

Oh early pious! and oh early wife!
 And early fled to thy congenial skies!
 Pity me toiling in the arduous way,
 Where strong temptations prompt my feet to stray.
 Yet arm'd like *thee* I trust my trembling soul,
 Shall one day reach the same triumphant goal;
 Landed in safety on that blissful shore,
 Not death itself shall e'er divide us more.

*An ELEGIAC POEM on the Death of a GENTLEMAN, in
Hampshire; by a sympathizing friend.*

*“ He taught us how to live, and (O ! too high
“ The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.”*

REVER'd Philander ! shall the forr'wing muse,
The humble tribute of her lyre refuse,
To thee who smil'd upon her earliest lays,
And warm'd her young ambition with thy praise ?
No,——Ever lov'd and honour'd ! o'er thy bier
Shall grateful friendship pour her holy tear ;
Deep graven on the tablet of her breast,
Shall all thy radiant virtues live impress.
O foe to pride, to vanity, to art !
Master of every charm that wins the heart ;
All views of interest, party, sect, above,
Still glow'd thy soul with universal love.
From youth's warm bloom, to life's last awful hour,
Thy soul ador'd Religion's sov'reign pow'r ;
That cheer'd thy spirit in the vale of death,
Whilst praise exhausted thy last fault'ring breath.

All who like me thy worth superior knew,
Shall thy dear relics with fond tears bedew.
And ye who o'er his urn in anguish bend,
And mourn the tenderest husband, father, friend ;
To brighter scenes let faith direct your eyes,
She saw his happy spirit gain the skies ;
She hears him now with hymning angels join,
And swell the song to notes of love divine.

Let anguish then to grateful transports turn,
 Let every breast with pious ardour burn,
 To tread with vig'rous steps the path he trod,
 'Twill lead to him, to happiness, and God.

*On a truly pious WOMAN, aged Thirty-seven; who was
 richer in good works, than in gold that perisheth.*

IN labour constant as the rising day,
 Hardly she liv'd, but in an honest way;
 Crown'd was her table with no sumptuous fare,
 But sweet each meal, for sweet content was there;
 Her's what's so rarely found, that pious part,
 To live on little, with a thankful heart;
 Still thankful, e'en when life's best blessings fled,
 And princely dainties had been bitter bread;
 Thro' *nine* long years by sore afflictions try'd,
 Patience grew perfect, and the sufferer dy'd;
 Dy'd favour'd with expiring Stephen's view;*
 Who would not thus bid this vain world adieu?
 She left her neighbours, relatives, the poor,
 No legacies of *gold*, she left them more;
 Left them a pearl not empires can supply,
 A good example how to *live* and *die*.

* Acts vii. 5.

ELEGIAC REFLECTIONS

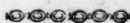
ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.



Behind the rosy bloom death loves to lurk,
And ambush in a smile.

Dr. YOUNG,



THE consideration of death has always been made use of, by the moralist and divine, as a powerful incentive to virtue and piety. From the uncertainty of life, they have endeavoured to sink the estimation of its pleasures; and if they could not strip the seductions of vice of their present enjoyment, at least to load them with the fear of their melancholy end.

Voluptuaries, on the other hand have, from a similar reflection, endeavoured to enhance the value, and persuade to the enjoyment of temporal delights. They have advised us to pluck the roses which would otherwise soon wither of themselves; to seize the moments which we could not long command; and, since time was unavoidably fleeting, to crown its flight with joy.

Of neither of these persuasives, whether of the moral or the licentious, the severe or the gay, have the effects been great. Life must necessarily consist of active scenes, which exclude from its general tenor, the leisure of meditation, and the influence of thought. The schemes of the busy will not be checked by the uncertainty of their success; nor the amusements of the dissipated be either controuled

or

or imbibed by the shortness of their duration. Even the cell of the anchorite, and the cloister of the monk, have their business and their pleasures; for study may become business, and abstraction pleasure, when they engage the mind and occupy the time. A man may even enjoy the present and forget the future, at the very moment in which he is writing of the insignificance of the former, and the importance of the latter.

It were easy to shew the wisdom and benignity of Providence. Providence appears truly wise and benign in all his works and ways; but it would be trite to repeat arguments too obvious not to have been often observed, and too just not to have been always allowed.

But though neither the situation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a constant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may surely sometimes, not unseasonably, press upon our imagination; even exclusive of their moral or religious use, there is a sympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only better, but more delightful, to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting*—

Perhaps I felt it so, when, but a few days since, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was snatched in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a tender and indulgent parent, who well knew her worth, and now almost inconsolably mourns her loss. I think I would not have exchanged my feelings at the time, for all the mirth which gaiety could inspire, or all the pleasures which luxury could bestow.

* Ecclesiastes, vii. 2.

Maria was in her *twentieth* year. She was truly sensible, without affectation, and agreeable in her person without pride; she was respectful to her superiors, affable to her inferiors, modest in her behaviour, prudent in her conduct, religious in her sentiments, charitable in her disposition, humble in her deportment, and polite to all. Like Marcia, heavenly fair! “ she improved her charms, with inward greatness, unaffected wisdom, and sanctity of manners.”—She died of a fever, after a *three* days confinement, as deservedly lamented as beloved.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited*. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great, or extensively useful, generally leave behind them a train of interrupted views and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. On scenes of public sorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery-pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration: *domestic* calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in

* each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrow sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

our

our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw Maria, was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay ; where she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motion, and the native dignity of her mien ; yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalry of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene, the transition was so violent, to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses. I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of Maria as still living.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father, bending over the grave of his darling child ; the silent suffering composure in which his countenance was fixed ; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was light, and capable of tears ; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow with which I suffered myself to be borne along, with a melancholly kind of indulgence ; but when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its sound upon the coffin chilled my very heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity !

It was but for a moment.—He looked eagerly into the grave ; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants who were throwing the earth into it ; then suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, and threw up his eyes to heaven ; while tears of parental sorrows trickled

trickled down his cheeks.—I gave language to all this.
It spoke a lesson of *faith*, *piety*, and *resignation*.

I went away truly affected; but my sorrow was neither
ungentle nor unmanly; I cast on *this* world a glance ra-
ther of pity than of enmity; and on the *next*, a look of
humbleness and hope*.

* Agreeable to a late eminent poet's advice,

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

For *man* alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind,

POPE.

INTERESTING THOUGHTS

ON THE

CERTAINTY OF DEATH.



Memento mori.



IT is appointed unto men once to die; the sentence is general; 'tis pronounced upon *all* the children of Adam; neither wealth, nor strength, nor wisdom, nor all the powers of this world, can exempt any one from this common general doom. From the first moment of our birth we are hastening to our death; every moment brings it nearer to us*. The day will surely come, and God only knows how soon, of which we shall never see the night; or the night will come, when we shall never see the ensuing morning.

The day will certainly come, when thou, my soul, must bid an eternal farewell to this alluring world, and all that thou hast admired therein; and take thy journey to another country, where all, that thou settest a value upon here be-

* Our birth is truly but our death begun,
As tapers waste the moment they take fire.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

low,

low, will appear as nothing ; yea, less than nothing and *vanity* : learn then to despise this transitory world and all its delights, with which thou must part so soon, whether prepared for it or not.

As nothing is more certain and inevitable than death ; so nothing is more uncertain than the time, the place, the manner, and all other circumstances of our death. “ O my soul ! said a saint now in glory, thou must one day part with this mortal body : but when shall that day be ? Shall it be in winter, or in summer ? In the city, or in the country ? By day, or by night ? Shall it be suddenly, or on notice given thee ? ” Alas ! Of all this thou knowest nothing at all : only certain it is, that thou must die, and as it often happens, may be much sooner than thou didst expect.

Now as death is so certain, and the time and manner of it so uncertain, it would be some small comfort, if a man could die more than *once*, that so, if he should have the misfortune once to die *ill*, he might repair the fault by taking more care a *second* time. But, alas ! that is impossible ; for we can die but *once* : and when we have once set our feet within the borders of eternity, there is no coming back. If we die once well, it will be *always* well ; but if once ill, it will be ill with us *for ever*.

* How short is time ! how swift our minutes fly !

How just th' advice ! *prepare O man, to die.*

^

S O L I L O Q U Y,

WRITTEN

A M O N G T H E T O M B S.



True as the Scriptures say, *This life's a span,*
The present moment is the life of man.



THE beauties of nature may please the eye, and justly attract our admiration; flowers may regale our smell, fruits may court our taste, music may please our ears, and all our senses may be alive to the various scenes presented to our view; but the *soul*, the rational and immortal soul of man, cannot be satisfied with any thing short of spiritual enjoyments and celestial pleasures, suitable to its nature, and eternal, as its existence.

What is the world with all its alluring scenes? What are riches with all their golden charms? What is grandeur with all its glittering titles, and nobility with all its pomp and ostentation, to a *dying* man, on the borders of an eternal world, and expecting every moment to be summoned to the bar of God? Truly *vanity, and vexation of spirit.*

The

The reflection, I must shortly die, and after death appear before God in judgment, to be rewarded or condemned, according to the deeds done in the body, whether good or evil, is what I wish daily to inculcate and enforce on every son and daughter of mortality, as well as on myself; as a constant incentive to diligence in making our calling and election sure, knowing the night of death cometh wherein no man can work.

Every tomb-stone round me, in this place of skulls, seems to address me in the language of inspiration, *Be ye also ready, for ye know not the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh.*—Yes, methinks I hear it reverberated from sepulchre to sepulchre; while I read the numerous inscriptions presented to my view, and observe the dates of many who are gone before me much younger than myself, I am naturally led to the enquiry, Am I prepared for my last great change? Am I fit to die? for ere another morn and I may be numbered with the mouldering dead.—Time is hastening, and eternity approaching: I cannot tell what a day or an hour may bring forth. Oh! then let it be my solicitous concern, as well as my earnest prayer, to believe on Jesus Christ, who is the *resurrection and the life*; in whom whosoever believeth shall live though he die, and whosoever liveth and believeth in him shall not die *eternally**.

G. W.

* John iii. 16. xi. 26.

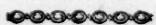
Fears of DEATH happily Conquered ;

O R,

MEDITATIONS IN A CHURCH-YARD.



“ O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?”



WHATEVER may be our passions, prejudices, and pursuits in this present world, *death* puts an end to them all. Like a tyrant, he often cuts us off in the moment of felicity, and while it may be we are flattering ourselves with the vain and delusive hopes of many happy years to come.*

Exult not too much young man, in the bloom of thy youth, lest the hand of the destroyer pluck thee from the garden of pleasure and delight, and leave thee to wither and decay, like the flower in yonder field, that has fallen beneath the scythe of the sturdy mower.

We labour and toil, in order to make the evening of life supportable, by the possessions we accumulate in our youthful days; thus far there can certainly be no

* Trite tho' th' advice, humanely still it cries;
Time flies; death urges; man decays and dies.

crime, as it is the duty of every individual to provide for his widow, his children, or nearest connections; but let us not at the same time forget to provide for our immortal souls, and their eternal welfare.

Human life is not the seat of unmingled delight. We may compare it to a garden, in which roses and nettles are promiscuously scattered, and in which we often feel the sting of the wounding nettle, while we enjoy the fragrance of the blooming rose. Those bowers of delight, entwined with the woodbine and jessamine, under whose pleasing umbrage we seek shelter from the noon-day sun, frequently are the abodes of noxious insects. Since life then is so uncertain; since the most happy situation is not without its anxieties, care, and vexations, let us not live too much in dread of our own dissolution, nor too violently lament the deaths of those who may be near and dear to us.

To find the happy medium in the commerce of *this* world, is not an easy task. Perhaps the most probable way to obtain it, is to preserve a conscience free from reproach; to deal by others as we wish to be dealt by; to be ready to assist the poor and unfortunate to the best of our power; to be content in our station, and not disturbed by the empty parade of ambition, nor the false glare of grandeur. The persons who arrive at that happy state, will neither seek nor shun death;* their life will be one continued scene of serenity and peace; which will not fail to support them in the hour of calamity.

* Be satisfied and pleas'd with what thou art,
Act chearfully and well the allotted part;
Enjoy the *present* hour, be thankful for the past;
And neither *fear* nor *wish* the approaches of the last.

In

In the views of death, they will be calm and composed, and wait patiently for that awful moment, in which they are to launch into the peaceful ocean of eternity ; where no rude winds can ruffle them, where no roaring tempests are ever heard ; but where peace, joy, and tranquillity hold their dominion for ever and ever.

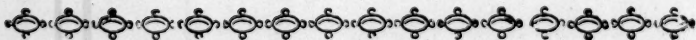
HARK ! from yon church, the clock with solemn sound,
Tells me how time pursues his constant round.
Life on the wings of time flies swift away ;*
My last will come, and this may be the day.
Each pain I feel, and ev'ry plaintive sigh,
What do they speak ? this truth, " I soon must die."
Must die ! Is this a *melancholy* sound ?
When endless life begins its blissful round ?
Thy poison'd arrow death ! wounds not the heart,
Which in the Saviour's blood can claim a part.
May this blest hope (dear solace of my soul !)
With heav'nly comfort all my fears controul :
While faith points upwards to the blest abode
Of saints and angels round the throne of God.

* Well might a late eminent writer exclaim on the swiftness of time :

" How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud."

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

THE END.



ERRATA.

Page 57, for *meane*, in the note, read *means*.

Page 65, for *hou*, in the 9th line, read *Thou*.

Page 120, for line 8, *a* all, read *all a*.



